The Poet's Vision and Magic of Words

AN APPROACH TO IQBAL'S POETRY

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ISLAMIC BOOK SERVICE

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AND
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To the cherished memory of those who are no longer with us but who have left behind the message.

محبت ہی سے پائی ہے شفا بیمار قوموں نے
کیا ہے اپنے بخت خفتہ کو بیدار قوموں نے

"Love is the panacea which has cured sick nations and nations have become revitalised through its action."

Preface

This book is an attempt to discuss some aspects of Iqbal's thought and poetry. It is expected that the reader will find enough material which would give him a good start in the study of Iqbal's poetic thought as well as his concept of the art of poetic composition. There is no denying the fact that Iqbal gives greater importance to the thought content of his poems because for him all poetry which does not convey u message is not good poetry ; but he does not neglect the artistry of words and his poems evince a high standard of poetic art and his use of fine shades of expression, similes and metaphors has added a new calibre to Urdu as well as Persian poetry. It is earnestly hoped that the book will be useful to the readers of Iqbal's poetry who go to him with an open mind and are in search of poetic beauty and a truthful discussion of life and its related problems both physical and spiritual.

MUHAMMAD IQBAL

Lahore, May 22, 1978

Contents

Introduction

عروجِ آدمِ خاکی سے انجم سہمے جاتے ہیں
کہ یہ ٹوٹا ہوا تارا مۂ کامل نہ بن جائے

The stars are stricken with fear at the progress achieved by man.
They fear that this broken star may not become the full moon.[1]

Great writers have at all times appeared in the world to make men aware of the multitudinous aspects of life and of the heterogeneous environmental conditions in which we have to exist. They have done great service to humanity and each one has, in his own individualistic style, offered interpretations and explanations of those aspects of life which have remained obscure and controversial. The solutions offered by them are diverse; but each one in his own particular sphere has rendered valuable service in increasing the bounds of human knowledge. The valuable books written by these great minds are, at a later stage, subjected to critical appreciations and evaluations. The critic is not the creator and cannot claim parity with the writer; but commensurate with his capabilities and scholastic attainments his investigations are helpful in propounding and elucidating those ideas which the common reader finds difficult to un-

1. *Bal-e-Jabriel*, p. 2

derstand. During the last four decades a large number of books have been written about Iqbal and quite a few of these are from the pens of scholars and men of erudition; but it would not be wrong to say that none of these critics has escaped being subjugated by the impact of the dynamic personality of Iqbal. This is the reason why most of these books are eulogistic.

There is no denying the fact that the critic-writer finds himself face to face with a 'Superman'. Iqbal combines in himself so many attributes—he is a linguist, a poet, prose-writer, a philosopher, a jurist, a statesman and a theologian with a wide perspective and a deep knowledge of the human-self. He is a visionary as well to whom the past, the present and the future lie open and naked.

مزاجِ لالۂ خودرو شناسم   بشاخ اندر گلاں را بو شناسم
از آں دارد مرا مرغِ چمن دوست   مقامِ نغمہہائے او شناسم

I am one who understands the temper of the wild tulip,
I am conversant with the odour of the flower yet inside the bough,
The birds of the garden deem me their confidant.
Because I know the true import of their songs.[1]

The most important feature of Iqbal's writings is his spirit of freedom and independence of thought. He was a voracious reader and had read a large number of books written by thinkers, poets and philosophers of Europe as well as Asia; but his views remained entirely his own and his opinions never became tinctured by the ideologies and concepts of those who had preceded him. His ego was so consistently

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 63.

independent that no thinker or philosopher can be said to have acted as his guide or mentor. His admiration for Jalal-ud-Din Rumi was profound but he never became his disciple or emulator. The only book which influenced and moulded his thought was the Holy Quran, otherwise his way of thinking is entirely his own.

چون سرمهٔ رازی را از دیده فرو شستم
تقدیر امم دیدم بکتاب اندر

When from my eyes I washed away the antimony of Razi's teaching.
The Book of God un-ravelled before me the secrets of destinies of nations.[1]

This book is a limited approach to some of the many aspects of Iqbal's poetry. These approaches are not final and appreciations and evaluations do not claim to be compendiums of knowledge. Iqbal's genius is so versatile that the reader has to exert and be mentally alert. As we study the verses new vistas of meanings open out before us. The extent of our appreciation and understanding of Iqbal's poems is dependent upon the stock of knowledge, we possess about poetry, religion, philosophy, jurisprudence and so many other branches of knowledge. The book is an attempt to introduce to the reader a few salient features of his poetry and thought, and to discuss some aspects of the great contributions made by him to Urdu and Persian poetry. If the book becomes a stepping stone for further research the purpose of its writing would be well achieved.

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 43.

The word 'literature' carries with it, both for the critic and for the layman, a clear suggestion of some delimitation. There is some kind of distinction between literary books and books which do not fall in this category. We should all agree about the category to which Iqbal's 'Message from the East' (پیام مشرق) or 'Diwan-e-Ghalib' (دیوان غالب), a railway time-table or a telephone directory belong. W. H. Hudson says in this regard, "Literature is composed of books, and of those books only, which, in the first place, by reason of their subject-matter and their mode of treating it, are of general human interest, and in which, in the second place, the element of form and the pleasure which form gives are to be regarded as essential." The writer has to concern himself with elemental and universal value of life and present these in a form which is artistically perfect and appeals to all categories of human beings. The appeal of a specialised treatise, be it about political economy, atomic research, agriculture or space research, is to a limited number of persons—to a particular class who may have specialised in these subjects. Literature, on the other hand, is an expression of life and language is the medium through which the writer interprets life situations and related problems.

Iqbal is primarily the poet of life and he uses poetry as the medium for expressing his ideas. In his poems he becomes deeply involved, not only with his own personal experiences, but also with the experiences of man as man—those common questions related with life, death, virtue, sin, destiny, God, man's relations with God, life here and here-after, relation

of the individual with his fellows, society with all its activities and problems, men's efforts to create a better world and visualise an ideal social order. These are basic facts of life and come under the purview of all men and women but when they are expressed in a poem, a story or a drama or an essay they gain in significance as well as effectiveness because of the intellectual greatness of the man of letters and his originality and freshness of approach. The French say "Art is life seen through a temperament." The mirror which the artist holds to the world around him is conditioned by his personality. The more versatile the approach the more accomplished becomes the work of art and the greater is its appeal. The mark of all really great Literature is versatility of approach, freshness and originality of presentation. "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured on purpose to a life beyond life." (Milton)

Literature is thus an interpretation of life—as life shapes itself in the mind of the writer; but what is that essential element which makes literature poetical. Study of any good poem immediately brings to us the connotation of the word poetical—it is an imaginative and emotional representation of life. Prose is rationalistic and expository while poetry is emotional and suggestive. "By the poetical interpretation of life, therefore, we mean a treatment of facts, experiences, problems in which the emotional and imaginative elements predominate." (W. H. Hudson). In the succeeding pages an attempt is made to probe into Iqbal's poetry and determine whether his aim was to excei in mere imaginative and emotional interpretation or

something far ahead of this concept of poetry and more intimately associated with life.

دریں گلشن پریشاں مثل بویم   نمی دانم چه می خواہم چه می جوئیم
بر آئید آرزو یا بر نه آئید   شہید سوز و ساز آرزوئیم

I am spread all over the garden like the odour,
What I want and what I am in quest of I know not,
My desires may fructify or may not,
I am a martyr of the intensity of my yearnings.[1]

من آنم که از سنگ آئینه سازم   من آنم که از زہر نوشینه سازم

I make a mirror out of stone,
I prepare elixir from poison.[2]

"According to Iqbal the true aim of poetry, as of all art is, to make human life rich and beautiful, and poetry or any other art that fails to do this has, according to him failed in its great mission. If art does not contribute to the fullness and exuberance of life and fails to provide guidance to humanity in solving the various problems that baffle it, it is meaningless."[3] For further clarification and confirmation of this concept of the functions of art we may make a reference to Iqbal's epoch making book *Thoughts and Reflections*. He says : "History has preserved some of the criticisms of our Prophet on contemporary Arabian poetry. But two of these criticisms are most profitable to Indian Muslims whose literature has been chiefly the work of the period of their national decadence and who are now in search of new literary ideal (1917). One of these criticisms indicates to us what

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 27.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 114.
3. *Studies in Iqbal* by S. A. Vahid.

poetry should not be and the other what it should be."

"Of the poet Imra-ul-Qais . . . our Prophet is reported to have said . . . 'He is the most poetic of all poets and their leader to Hell'."

"Imra-ul-Qais appeals more to the imagination than to the will and on the whole acts as a narcotic on the reader. The Prophet's criticism reveals this most important art-principle that the good in art is not necessarily identical with the good in life, it is possible for a poet to write fine poetry and yet lead his society to Hell. The poet is essentially a seducer, woe to his people, if instead of making the trials of life look beautiful and attractive he embellishes decadence with all the glories of health and power and seduces his people to extinction. Out of the richness of his nature he ought to lavish on others something of the super-abundance of life and power in him, and not to steal away thief-like the little they already happen to possess."[1]

2. "Again the following verse of the Antra of the tribe of Abs was read out to our Prophet.

"Verily I pass through whole nights of toil to merit a livelihood worth of an honourable man."

The Prophet was immensely pleased and said to his companions:—"The praise of an Arabian has never kindled in me a desire to see him; but I tell you I do wish to meet the author of this verse."

"What is the secret of this un-usual honour which the Prophet wished to give to the poet? It is because

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 84.

the verse is so healthful and vitalising, it is because the poet idealises the pain of honest labour. The Prophet's appreciation of this verse indicates to us another art-principle of great value—that art is subordinate to life, not superior to it. The ultimate end of all human activity is life—glorious, powerful and exuberant. All human art must be subordinated to this final purpose and the value of everything must be determined in reference to its life yielding capacity. The highest art is that which awakens our dormant will force, and nerves us to face the trials of life manfully. Art that brings drowsiness and makes us shut our eyes to reality around—on the mastery of which alone life depends—is a message of death and decay. The dogma of Art for the sake of Art is a clever invention of decadence to cheat us out of life and power."[1] If the curbs and controls imposed by the demands of life are loosened the mind of artist becomes feverishly activated and brings forth false creations and the mind of such an artist falls a prey to its own beauty and power. Iqbal's ideal poet is a seer, a reformer and builder—mere stringing together beautiful words and epithets and embellishing these with cadence of rhyme and metre does not constitute real poetry.

Evaluation and appreciation of Iqbal's poetry has to be done in the light of these guide-lines; but before we begin our study of Iqbal as a poet we must once again take stock of those basic qualities which make good poetry because Iqbal is not only a philo-

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 85.

sopher-thinker he is also a great poet. He never ignored prosody and artistry in words nor in any manner relegated the art of poetry to a position of secondary importance. He is a great poet—one of the greatest and if we were to ignore all other aspects of his thought and philosophy and evaluate him as a poet pure and simple he challenges comparison with the greatest of the great—Ghalib, Zauq, Urfi, Hafiz and Sa'adi in the East and Euripides, Milton, Dante and Goethe in the West. He is one of the greatest lyric writers and his lyrics depict a high quality of feeling and emotion rendered in language and imagery which is not only beautiful and vivid but also appropriate and it is through these subjective poems that he succeeds in achieving self-expression and self-delineation.

The remarks of W. H. Hudson reproduced below are about subjective poetry but are aptly applicable to Iqbal's poetry—Urdu as well as Persian. "Personal poetry passes by insensible degrees from the simpler forms of lyric into meditative and philosophic poetry in which the element of thought becomes important. Here, of course, the emotional qualities and beauty, vividness and propriety of language and imagery have still to be considered but in addition, ..., the substantial value of thought itself has also to be estimated, together with the poet's success in giving it a poetic rendering. . . . . It should be observed that there is a good deal of poetry which is didactic in intention . . . . ., poetry in which truths to be conveyed are wrought into story, parable or allegory." Poetry functions as the medium for the expression of

the poet's thought and philosophy.

At the beginning of the present century no dicussion about any great writer could be initiated unless it was determined before-hand as to which school of thought the writer belonged. It had to be decided whether he belonged to that school of thought which subscribed to 'Art for Art' or the other school which believed in 'Art for Life'. Times have changed and now these discussions have become obsolete and outmoded. Now 'Life' and its associated features are subjects of primary importance and all art revolves around this particular axis. About Iqbal's concept of art there can be no two opinions, he is par-excellence the poet of Life. He disagreed with the Christian concept of creation. He did not believe that man was born in sin and had to atone for these. For him man is the acme of creation and God created him in His own image for the sole purpose of subjugating the forces of nature and for making life more beautiful. Man's conflict with the forces of nature and environmental conditions is the main source of evolution and advance.

Chapter I

IQBAL'S CONCEPT OF POETRY

زیارت گاہ اہلِ عزم و ہمت ہے لحد میری
کہ خاکِ راہ کو میں نے بتایا رازِ الوندی

People of firm resolve and determination pay homage to my grave, because I disclosed to the wayside dust the secret of the grandeur achieved by Alwand.[1]

Iqbal was born in Sialkot in the Punjab. His forefathers were Kashmiri Brahmins who had become converted to Islam. He received his early education at Sialkot and had the good luck of being the favourite pupil of the scholar-teacher Maulvi Mir Hassan. It was quite early in life that Iqbal started writing poetry and had some of these corrected by the celebrated ghazal-writer, Mirza Dagh of Delhi (Ibrahim Khan Dagh). In 1895 Iqbal came to Lahore and joined the Government College. Here he came in contact with Sir Thomas Arnold who exercised a deep influence on him. It would not be wrong to say that Mir Hassan introduced him to the essential attributes of the Islamic way of life and oriental traditions of art and culture. Sir Thomas Arnold unravelled before him the intricacies of Western culture, thought and philosophy. In 1905 he went to Europe for his Doctorate in Philosophy. During his stay in Europe he made the acquaintance

1. *Bal-e-Gabriel*, p. 2.

of great men of letters, thinkers and philosophers. These three years were momentous in shaping his personality and outlook on life. His thesis was published in London under the caption "Development of Metaphysics in Persia" and he got his Doctorate in Philosophy from Munich. After his return from Europe Iqbal played a decisive role in moulding and shaping the destinies of the people of the sub-continent in general and the Muslims in particular. As a poet, a philosopher, a politician-statesman, a jurist, a teacher and above all as a seer who could read the present, learn from the past and project himself into the future, he stood as a pillar blazing light to guide the people to a fuller, better and more blessed life.

در دیدهٔ معنی نگرانِ حضرت اقبال
پیغمبری کرد و پیمبر نتوان گفت (گرامی)

People of vision find a prophet in Iqbal though he never claimed to be one. (Grami).

Iqbal died on 21st April, 1938 and lies buried in front of the Badshahi Mosque.

During the past fifty years more books have been written about Iqbal than about any other Urdu, Persian or Arabic writer, but his genius is so versatile, his personality so complex and his involvement with life so deep that many aspects of his poetic thought and philosophy still need the attention of scholars possessed of erudition and critical acumen. As the interpreter of Eastern thought and ideology and as the critic of Western culture and way of life Iqbal has achieved recognition from thinkers all over the world ; but it is generally ignored that though Iqbal has some

links with European thinkers and writers but in his books he has made positive advance in the realm of ideas about self and the human Ego. Iqbal's Superman (مرد مومن) is superior to the Superman of Nietzsche and his understanding of human Self and Soul is more accurate than that of European thinkers and philosophers. Iqbal's thought is moulded and shaped by the teachings of the Holy Quran and life and precepts of the Holy Prophet while the thinkers of Europe are entirely materialistic in their approach to the problems of life.

If we study the poems written by him before 1908 we notice that he was breaking away from the conventional outlook on life as it prevailed in the East because this appeared to him narrow and decadent and he was powerfully attracted towards the intellectual turmoil which prevailed in Nineteenth Century Europe. The French Revolution—with its catchwords —Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—presumably borrowed from the precepts and practice of Islam—changed the very edifice of European culture, literature, education and political philosophy. These ideas were not new for Iqbal; but in their occidental setting these appeared not only picturesque but also magnetic, contrasted with the feudal concepts of Agro-fiscal set-up which held sway in the East. The ideas of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity had tremendous impact upon Western society. In the realm of literature, Romanticism attracted Iqbal most and poems written during this period have marked affinities of technique as well as content with English poets of the Romantic period, *e.g.*, Longfellow, Cowper, Words-

worth, Shelley and Emerson. In *Bang-e-Dara* there are about ten poems which are adapted from English poets and there are a few others where the inspiration appears to have come from Western thinkers or poets. It was quite early in his career as a poet that Iqbal became acquainted with Aljilli and Al-Arabi and when he read the poetry of Wordsworth Pantheistic philosophy of nature exerted some influence on him though he never became a Pantheist like Wordsworth. Anthology of English Verse prepared by Iqbal in 1910 and published by Dr. Javed Iqbal in 1961 has the following remarks at page 54 'when I was a student Wordsworth saved me from becoming an atheist." Iqbal had taught English language and literature both at the Islamia College, Lahore and the Government College, Lahore and must have studied English poetry in some detail. English literary forms of expression and imagery, similes and metaphors can be noticed in the poems of the later period even but adaptations and translations were done during the early period only—whether Iqbal improved upon the original is for the reader to decide.

Below is given Longfellow's poem 'Day Break' and its Urdu translation by Iqbal and entitled "The Message of Morning" (پیام صبح).

"Day Break" by Longfellow :
A wind came out of the sea,
And said, "O mists make room for me,"
It hailed the ships, and said, "sail on,
"Ye mariners, the night is gone,"
And hurried landward far away,
Crying 'Awake' It is day,"
It said unto the forest, "shout,

Hang all your leafy banners out."
It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
And said, "O, bird awake and sing,"
And o'er the farms, 'O' chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near,"
It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn,"
It shouted through the belfry tower,
'Awake, "O' bell, proclaim the hour,"
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet, in quiet lie".[1]

پیامِ صبح ۔ اقبال ، (ماخوذ از لانگ فیلو)
اجالا جب ہوا رخصت جبینِ شب کے افشاں کا
نسیمِ زندگی پیغام لائی صبحِ خنداں کا
جگایا بلبلِ رنگیں نوا کو آشیانے میں
کنارے کھیت کے شانہ ہلایا اُس نے دھقاں کا
طلسمِ ظلمتِ شب سورۂ والنور سے توڑا
اندھیرے میں اُڑایا تاجِ زر شمع شبستاں کا
پڑھا خوابیدگانِ دیر پر افسونِ بیداری
برہمن کو دیا پیغام خورشید درخشاں کا
ہوئی بامِ حرم پر آکے یوں گویا مؤذن سے
نہیں کھٹکا تیرے دل میں نمودِ مہرِتاباں کا
پکاری اس طرح دیوارِ گلشن پر کھڑے ہوکر
چٹک او غنچۂ گل! تو مؤذن ہے گلستاں کا
دیا یہ حکم صحرا میں ، چلو اے قافلے والو!
چمکنے کو ہے جگنو بن کے ہر ذرہ بیاباں کا
سوئے گورِ غریباں جب گئی زندوں کی بستی سے
تو یوں بولی نظارا دیکھ کر شہرِ خموشاں کا

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 56.

ابھی آرام سے لیٹے رہو میں پھر بھی آؤں گی
سلادوں گی جہاں کو خواب سے تم کو جگاؤں گی

It is one of the very good descriptive poems of the Romantic period of English poetry. The poem has beauty of thought as well as beauty of natural scenes combined with freedom of expression and an imaginative development of the theme. Iqbal has made a free translation and appears to have been charmed by its poetic attributes. Was Iqbal a Romantic at heart ? Was the impact of English poetic ideal of Romantic poetry so strong that Iqbal became entirely subjugated by it and became a follower of Wordsworth ?

English poetry is classified into two broad-based groups—Classical poetry and Romantic poetry. Pope, Dryden and Milton are the great classic stalwarts, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats are the great Romantics. There are other poets of the Nineteenth Century, *e.g.*, Grey and Cowper who present a combination of Romanticism and classicism in their poems but in them the classical note is predominant. There are others such as Tennyson and Bridges in whom Romanticism is tinctured with classicism, but in them the Romantic note is more pronounced. Does Iqbal belong to any one of these categories ? He has, in the early period, translated as well as adapted poems by Cowper, Longfellow, Tennyson and Emerson ; but he is not one of them. He is what none else had been before. He admired the freedom of thought and expression practised by the Romantics and their involvement with life evoked commendation from him ; but Iqbal is the product of a different socio-cultural-religious set up. The English

Romantics either renounced all religious affinities or were luke warm towards God and faith. In the poetry of Iqbal, on the other hand, religion and faith are the corner-stones of poetic thought. He admired these great poets but he never joined their fold.

The period of his stay in Europe (1905-8) had a formative influence on his genius both as a poet and as a philosopher and there is plenty of truth in Luce Claude Maitre's remarks that "Before his stay in Europe Iqbal had written a certain number of poems in Urdu in which one feels the restlessness of a genius who is striving to find his own way; but who is not yet fully conscious of the mission he was to accomplish. The West completely changed his ideas, he realised the harm which negative and mystical doctrines had done to India and the necessity of combating the conservative tendencies which were sapping the energies of his people. He took upon himself the gigantic task of rousing millions of human beings and making them cast off the moral inertia which had paralysed their spirits in the course of centuries."

In fact, Iqbal is too big to be enfolded in conventional classifications. We cannot call him a romanticist or classicist. In his poems we find a curious synthesis and fusion of the classic love for realism and perfection of form and romantic emphasis on imagination, understanding and representation of truth and beauty. He also combined the classical poets' critical approach to life with the romantic poet's intense longing to create something new and thus make an addition to experiences of life, super-imposed upon these is the purposiveness of his poetry. Browning is,

perhaps, the one English poet, who in this respect, can be compared with Iqbal, but he does not have Iqbal's versatility of aim and purpose and lacks his religious aptitude and faith. Iqbal's thoughts and philosophy find expression in his poems and he appears to have lavished great care on the prosody of his poems and the choice of words; but before taking up the different aspects of his poetic creation it would be helpful to have some understanding of what Iqbal believed to be the functions of a real poet and what in his opinion constituted the Art of Poetic expression.

In his *Stray Reflections* he says about the poet and the World Spirit, "The world spirit conceals the various phases of his inner life in symbols. The Universe is nothing but a great symbol. But she never takes the trouble of interpreting those symbols for us. It is the duty of the poet to interpret them and reveal their meaning to humanity. It would, therefore, appear that the poet and the world spirit are opposed to each other, since the former reveals what the latter conceals."[1]

About Philosophy and Poetry he remarks :—

"Philosophy is a set of abstractions shivering in the cold night of human reason. The poet comes and warms them up into objectivity."[2]

These objective representations of nature—Symbols, have got to be interpreted and remain imperfect and equivocal until they pass through the crucible of personal experience. Truth and beauty are not only objective they are subjective as well. Coleridge is not

1. *Stray Reflections*—Iqbal, p. 105.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 127.

entirely wrong when he says :—

'O, William we receive what we give,
And in our life alone doth Nature live."

According to Iqbal Nature can neither evolve nor change because it depends on the Creator for creation as well as for subsequent change. The true poet is never satisfied with the objective representations of nature, these symbols are inadequate because he is in search of ultimate truth and beauty and the purpose of his poetry is the creation of a better and more beautiful world.

در دشتِ جنونِ من جبریل زبون صیدے
یزداں بہ کمند آور اے ہمتِ مردانہ

In the wilderness of my ecstasy Gabriel is a helpless catch,
My courage and daring are out to capture God.[1]

چیست معراج ؟ انقلاب اندر شعور

What is ascension ? A revolution of Consciousness.[2]

Ceaseless activity and constant effort lead to salvation. The ego must exist in a state of permanent flux and our effort should be more than our reach and our vision more than our efforts. It is the duty of the poet to open new vistas before humanity so that the process of betterment may continue because incessant advance is life, where life process becomes static it stagnates and withers. Iqbal wants his poet to be dynamic and his vision should extend beyond worldly horizons, the planets and the space. The poet is a leader, a reformer and a seer. He creates new and more beautiful forms and interprets ever growing human

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 198.
2. *Javed-Nama*, p. 20.

aspirations. Through his dynamism and poetic passion he is able to attain a fervid and sublimated spiritual state when all secrets appear naked to his inspired vision. Iqbal had a very high ideal about the mission of the poet—who according to him should have vision and whose poetry should radiate true philosophy and complete science.

To repeat what had already been said "The ultimate end of all human activity is Life—glorious, powerful, exuberant. All human art must be subordinated to this final purpose and the value of everything must be determined with reference to its Life-yielding capacity." Iqbal was fully convinced that the function of all art was to awaken humanity and prepare it to face the trials and tribulations of life with courage and determination. Art and poetry which lulls to sleep our will power and makes us shut our eyes to the facts of life is decadent art and brings death and extinction. "The dogma 'Art for Art's sake' is a clever invention of decadence to cheat us out of life and power." All true poetry and all good art should aim at making life richer, fuller and more beautiful. The real poets, artists, thinkers and philosophers are a source of guidance and light for mankind. Poets who play with words and aim at mere artistic perfection are, in his view, nothing but versifiers who corrupt and weaken the mind. They live aloof from life—its intricate realities and baffling problems remain a secret and their poetry becomes purposeless.

A great genius has the ability to assimilate ideas from all sources, he does not copy them blindly instead he gives them an idealistic shape and form which

is in accordance with his own appreciation and understanding. Thus he succeeds in producing a unified and coherent concept of life. In addition to being a great genius Iqbal was an extensively read man. He could study books written in Urdu, Persian, Arabic, English and German. This scholastic background combined with breadth of vision, grasp of religion and knowledge of ancient and modern philosophy made him a unique literary figure of all times. He became a poet-philosopher blessed with a prophetic vision and his concept of the duties of a poet and functions of poetry was naturally very high and sublime. He believed that the poet had to work under certain compulsions. The poet had to combine artistic perfection, beauty of form and expression with a message of hope. If poetry became purposeless and devoid of message the poet became a plunderer who robbed people of their good sense.

The true poet has a message—a purpose—which he transmits to the readers through his poems. Though poetry for Iqbal becomes the medium and not the ultimate aim and purpose, but Iqbal was fully conscious that the more perfect is the medium the better and more effectively is the message transmitted. The theme, *i.e.*, the purpose, of Iqbal's poems is universal and all embracing and it contains material, moral and spiritual aspects of life. Iqbal is as much concerned with the world of material values as with the world of moral, spiritual and aesthetic values. The world of matter is as much important and significant as the world of spirit. The two are interconnected and one complements the other. Our objective existence is a basic fact

and there can be no running away from this reality. The testimony of our senses provided an irrefutable and factual proof of the world of objects. There is duality in life-objective life and subjective life. This is the basis of our knowledge and one provides confirmation for the other. Mobility is life and means continuity and immobility is death and termination. Continuous struggle between the self (the Ego which is subjective) and environmental conditions (which are objective) is the main source of all progress and advancement. The ego is deeply influenced by the environment and environmental conditions undergo a change through the impact of the ego. If the world of matter was a mere illusion or was ignored as of no consequence, this struggle would not be possible and all progress would cease. The environment around us is not static and is ever in a flux and is continually changing and regenerating itself. The language provides the external appearance and message is the spirit of a poem and both are equally important. The process of evolution goes on and newer and more beautiful and better perfected forms of creation come into being. In this respect Iqbal is an idealist and a visionary, somewhat reminiscent of Shelley; but with this difference that he never loses hold on the world of objective realities. He is ever in search of new vistas, new visions of perfection and steadily goes on getting nearer to the world of ultimate reality and truth. For him beauty and truth are co-existent and their objective and subjective manifestations are inextricably interwoven and intertwined.

ڈھونڈتی ہیں جس کو آنکھیں وہ تماشا چاہیے
چشمِ باطن جس سے کھل جائے وہ جلوہ چاہیے

What the eyes are ever in search of is the vision which I covet and I need such a sight which might activate my inmost self.[1]

The role of art according to Iqbal is regeneration, another step towards perfection—social, moral, ethical, spiritual as well as physical and intellectual. It is an effort for the creation of a new universe, a new and a better order of things and thus transmit a new light into the hearts of human beings.

فطرتِ شاعر سراپا جستجوست
خالق و پروردگارِ آرزوست

It is the poet's nature to be a discoverer and he yearns to find his Maker.[2]

Mere stringing together of words and by a clever and ingenious use of metre and rhyme creation of cadence and music is no better than sterile versification. The poet who has no message to project is the symbol of decadence and those nations have invariably come to grief in whom such versification flourished.

اے بسا شاعر کہ از سحرِ ہنر
رہزنِ قلب است و ابلیسِ نظر

How often the versifier with hollow artistry of words becomes a pirate for the heart and a devil for reason.[3]

شاعر اندر سینۂ ملت چو دل
ملتے بے شاعرے انبارِ گل

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 48.
2. *Javed-Nama*, p. 45.
3. *Ibid.*

The poet is the heart of the millat and the millat without a poet is a heap of rubble.[1]

شعر را اگر مقصود آدم گری است
شاعر ہم وارثِ پیغمبری است

If poetry aims at perfecting man, such poetry can claim affinity with prophethood.[2]

Iqbal was distressed to see the social, political, ethical, moral and religious chaos which prevailed among the Muslims. Anarchy prevailed everywhere in the Muslim world and their art and culture were at its lowest ebb. 'Art for Art's sake,' with all its glamour and literary appeal could not be a panacea for all these evils. Poetry had to align itself with life and have a definite purpose and message for humanity. It had to hold out hopes of future betterment and regeneration. The poet must be an awakener, a seer and a visionary and be conscious of the past, realise the true significance of the present and be able to project himself into the future. He must make his readers realise their inherent capabilities and hold out before them a sublimated vision of a better and fuller life. His message should urge them on to supreme efforts and exertions so that they may arrive at that stage where man would be the symbol of final perfection.

عروجِ آدمِ خاکی سے انجم سہمے جاتے ہیں
کہ یہ ٹوٹا ہوا تارا مہ کامل نہ بن جائے

The planets are awed by the height of perfection attained by man made from clay and fear that this broken star may not become the full moon.[3]

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 45.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 46.
3. *Bal-e-Gabriel*, p. 2.

Should we conclude that Iqbal attached all importance to purposiveness and message of poetry and had scant regard for beauty of form and artistry in words. This point of view cannot hold ground and is exploded by the huge volume of Urdu and Persian poetry written by him in which he evinces the highest order of artistic perfection. His poems give masterly descriptions of nature, create vivid and realistic images and his verses have a cadence and music blended with felicitous use of word and phrase which place him at par with, if not above, such great Urdu and Persian poets as Mir, Dard, Ghalib, Dagh, Sa'adi and Jami.

ناقۂ سیار من ، آہوئے تا تار من ، درہم و دینار من
اندک و بسیار من دولتِ بیدارِ من
تیز ترک گامزن ، منزلِ ما دور نیست
دلکش و زیباستی ، شاہدِ رعناستی ، روکشِ حوراستی
غیرتِ لیلاستی ، دخترِ صحراستی
تیز ترکِ گامزن ، منزلِ ما دور نیست

My fleet footed dromedary,
My gazelle of Tartary,
My gold and my wealth,
You are all that I have,
You are my mobile wealth,
Go faster our goal is near,
O' charming and graceful,
You are proud and pretty,
You challenge comparison with a hourie,
You are the envy of Laila
You are off-spring of the desert
Go faster our destination is near.[1]

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 109.

The verses have a haunting music and the movement of ideas is quick, fluent and easy. The reader is enthralled and the cadence of the poem keeps echoing in his mind long after he had read it. Like most other oriental poets Iqbal too has made use of symbols in the poem. The attachment betwixt an Arab and his camel is proverbial and the poem 'Hudi' is addressed by its driver to the fast running dromedary ; but the camel's journey is symbolic of human life. Life moves fast like a dromedary, is beautiful like a gazelle, valuable like dirhams and dinars, life is all that we have, it is charming and graceful, proud and beautiful, pure like a hourie, wayward like Laila, wild and un-predictable like the daughter of Sahara. The destination—end of the journey of life—is not far ; but death for Iqbal is not the end of life, it is in fact a transcendental transmutation. Mundane life converts itself into a spiritual existence which is blessed with immortality. It is an evolutionary process—a change for the better and the earlier it takes place the better for the ascent of man. Iqbal reminds the camel driver again and again that the goal is not far and thus infuses courage into man that he may not lose heart in the face of sufferings, failures and tribulations of life. The journey of life on earth would soon come to an end, the evolutionary process of perfectibility would be completed and the chastened and sublimated human ego would get nearer to the divine Ego. Thus the poem presents a unique blending of superb prosody and a forceful message.

The beauty of Iqbal's poems lies in their spontaneity, sweetness, intensity of feeling, perfection of form

and diction and variety of rhythm combined with his message of hope and faith in man's ultimate destiny.

تو بہ طلسمِ چون و چند

You are enthralled by the magic of numbers and causes,

عقل تو در کشاد و بند

Your reason is caught by the charm of unravelling and imprisoning,

مثلِ غزالہ در کمند

You are like the gazelle in the noose,

زار و زبون و دردمند

Distressed, wretched and pain-stricken,

مایہ نشمین بلندی نگریم و می رویم

Our gaze is set on a lofty goal and we march on,[1]

خاکیم و تندسیر مثال ستارہ ایم
درنیلگون یمے بہ تلاشِ کنارہ ایم

We are moulded from clay but move fast like stars,
In the blue ocean we are ever searching for the coast.[2]

علم و فن از پیش خیزانِ حیات
علم و فن از خانہ زادانِ حیات

Art and knowledge are complements of life,
They are subservient to life.

There can be no two opinions about Iqbal's concept of 'Art' and 'Poetry'. He is primarily the poet of life and all art according to him has to serve the interests of life. He disagreed with the Christian concept that man was born in sin and all through his life, in this world, atoned for it. Life for him was a glorious phenomenon and man was sent into the world for the

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 100.
2. *Ibid.*, p, 178.

particular purpose of subjugating the forces of nature and making life fuller and more beautiful. Man's conflict with the forces of nature and environmental conditions is the main source of evolution and advance. The work of all great poets is deeply influenced by what they conceive to be the aim and purpose of art and this concept is shaped and moulded by their cognitive appreciation of the world around them. In his preface to *Murraqqa-e-Chughtai* Iqbal has discussed this concept in detail. He has said :—

"The spiritual health of a people largely depends on the kind of inspiration which their poets and artists receive. But inspiration is not a matter of choice. It is a gift, the character of which cannot be critically judged by recipients before accepting it. It comes to the individual unsolicited and only to socialise itself. For this reason the personality that receives and the life quality of that which is received, are matters of the utmost importance for mankind. The inspiration of a single decadent, if his art can lure his fellows to his song or picture, may prove more ruinous to a people than whole battalions of an Attilla or Changez. As the Prophet of Islam said of Imra'-ul Qais, the greatest poet of pre-Islamic Arabia :

اشعرالشعرا و قائید هم الّی النار

"He is the leader of poets and will be their guide to hell."

To permit the visible to shape the invisible, to seek what is scientifically called adjustment with nature is to recognise her mastery over the spirit of man. Power comes from resisting her stimuli and not from exposing ourselves to their action. Resistance of what is with a view to create what ought to be, is health and life.

All else is death and decay. Both God and man live by perpetual creation.

حسن را از خود برون جستن خطاست
آنچه می بائیست پوشِ ما کجاست

"It is a blunder to ignore one's own self in his search for beauty because what 'ought' to be never presents itself."

"The artist who is a blessing to mankind defies life. He is an associate of God and feels the contact of Time and Eternity in his soul. In words of Fichte, he "sees all Nature full, large and abundant as opposed to him who sees all things thinner, smaller and emptier than they actually are." The modern age seeks inspiration from Nature. But Nature simply 'is' and her function is mainly to obstruct our search for "ought" which the artist must discover within the deeps of his own being."

Iqbal's ideal poet would thus be an interpreter of ethical and spiritual experiences (واردات) and the two values which stimulate his poetry are representation of limitless possibilities of human progress in this world and superiority of human Ego over the world of Nature in which he lives. This is purpose poetry and such art tends to become dry and from the point of view of artistic perfection may fall to a lower level. Iqbal's poetry, however, presents a superb combination of beauty of ideas and artistic perfection. For him truth and beauty are identical—what is true is beautiful and what is beautiful is true. All true beauty is a reflection of that ultimate reality which resides in the human mind and is the source of permanence of the human psyche as well as art.

مری مشاطگی کی کیا ضرورت حسنِ معنی کو
کہ فطرت خود بخود کرتی ہے لالے کی حنا بندی

The beauty ideas needs no grooming by me
Nature herself applies henna to the tulip.[1]

Iqbal's ideal poet would transmit a dynamic message and be a perfect artist as well. He has himself said that with him it was a question of priorities. If purposiveness (مقصدیت) is given priority artistic perfection adds to the effectiveness of the poem. If mere artistic perfection is the sole aim and 'purposiveness' and message are sacrificed at the altar of poetic diction and techniques the poem becomes a potential source of danger. Such poetry leads to decadence in every field of life. Decadent poet who sings about the beauty of the rose, joys of wine, charms of the beloved, pangs of separation and pleasures of union indirectly but effectively advocates a negative attitude towards life. This leads to self-abnegation and escapism which weaken the ego. It is in the role of a visionary and a 'seer' that the real greatness of the poet resides.

مری نوائے پریشاں کو شاعری نہ سمجھ
کہ میں ہوں محرمِ رازِ درونِ میخانہ

Do not take my songs of distress as mere poetry,
I am one who knows the inner secret of tavern.[2]

مزاجِ لالۂ خود رو شناسم بشاخ اندر گلاں را بوشناسم
از آں دارد مرا مرغِ چمن عزیز مقامِ نغمہ ہائے او را شناسم

I understand the temperament of the wild tulip,

1. *Bal-e-Gabriel*, p. 2.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 9.

I appreciate the odour of flowers yet in the bud,
The birds of garden deem me their confidant,
Because I understand the significance of their songs.[1]

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 63.

Chapter II

LANGUAGE

If any poem functions successfully the two notes of pleasure and utility not merely exist side by side they coalesce. The pleasure which any good poem gives can claim to be the highest pleasure possible because it comprises the highest kind of mental activity. This pleasure is the highest because its content is non-acquisitive and contemplative. The utility—the seriousness and instructiveness of poetry is pleasurable seriousness. This seriousness is not the seriousness observed by us in the performance of duty or in the learning of a lesson—it is aesthetic seriousness—a seriousness of perception. A poem is a work of art and its capacity for giving pleasure depends on its content as well as language. Language is, in fact, the material used by the poet and every poem is, in fact, a collection of words and phrases selected from the language in which that poem is written. F. W. Bateson has argued that poetry and literature present a general history of the language. He says in his book *English Poetry and the English Language*, "My thesis is this that the age's imprint in a poem is not be traced to the poet but to the language. The real history of poetry is, I believe, the history of the changes in the kind of language in which successive poems have been

written. And it is these changes of language only that are due to the pressure of social and intellectual tendencies." This is the reason why in periods and countries where different linguistic conventions are struggling for supremacy the attitudes and mental inclinations of the poet are important not only for understanding the development of his linguistic system but also for the proper understanding of his art. However, the view that poetry passively reflects linguistic developments and changes is not wholly correct. The relation between poetry and language is dialectical and literature has deeply influenced the development of language. The connection between language and poetry is deep and eternal but intellectual and social influence of the period cannot be ignored.

It is always risky to express any opinion on the work of a great genius about whom not enough research has been done and this is particularly so when one has to evaluate his use of language. The critic is ever moving on slippery surface and it is so difficult to determine what significance the author has given to language in relation to ideas. A poem is a composite whole—it is language plus thought—in what proportion is the decision of the writer. There are poets who have given priority to language while others have given first place to thought. Those who give priority to language argue that if selection of words is not appropriate and the diction used is not chaste and poetic, however important and valuable the ideas may be, the poem is bound to be dull. There is much weight in what they say and they actively project the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake",

Successful poetic composition must have beauty of diction, cadence and rhythm and a capacity for giving pleasure, but if the urge and stimulus of ideas is wanting decadence and degeneration sets in and the poem becomes lifeless—a body without a soul. This is the reason why poetry of today is primarily poetry of ideas. Perfection of form and beauty of diction become a source of projecting the message. This is purpose poetry—"Art for Life."

It can be said that literature is more general than history or biography but it is much more particularised than sociology or psychology. Modern theorists like Bergson and Stace lay stress on the particularity of poetry and assert that poetry is written for a serious purpose and must convey knowledge and have cognitive value. "Greatness comes from the content side of art, and that, roughly art is "great" in so far as it is expressive of the "great" values of life" (*A Study in Aesthetics*, L. A. Reid). Reid is of the opinion that a poem is great by its scope and judgement. This, however, does in no way detract from the importance of artistic perfection. A poem is a poem because of its poetic qualities which basically are diction, imagery and music.

Iqbal started writing poems in Urdu at a time when the fortunes of Urdu were at their lowest ebb. The fall of the Mughal Empire brought in its wake a chaos which was social, cultural and ethnical. It shattered the cohesion of Muslim society in India. The closing decades of the Nineteenth Century were the worst in their history as a nation. They had lost their political, social and cultural identity and were

a frustrated community. It was a period of hopelessness and despair. Decadence that had set in affected the common forms of poetry and prose written during this period. Subject-matter, language, modes of expression all betrayed unmistakable signs of loss of personal identity, despair and desire to escape from life. There were a few exceptions—great minds—who kept alive the will to live, to prosper, to struggle, to advance and to succeed. They were, however, very few in number but they kept alive reminiscence of past glory and grandeur. However, the general run of poetic and prose creations of this period were dominated by a defeatist outlook and spirit of self-negation.

Luckily for the Muslims of the sub-continent this period of decadence proved to be a period of transition and was of a brief duration.

The advent of Hali, Azad and Shibli, towards the end of the century, began the departure. The impact of Western culture and literature began to be felt and for the first time Urdu prose and poetry began to be written voicing new demands and new aspirations and interpreting the need for new ways of life. Sir Sayad Ahmad advocated the need and importance of poetry and prose expressing the actual demands of life and with full bias towards positive and constructive goals. These new trends were there but old prejudices persisted and parochialism held sway. It was vociferously advocated that Delhi and Lucknow were the time honoured cradles of Urdu and whatever Urdu was spoken or written away from these cities was neither proper nor orthodox

language. These self-styled champions of Urdu did not spare Hali even. They opined that the Urdu of Hali was not chaste and correct because Hali was born in Panipat, away from Delhi. They refused to admit his linguistic skill and command over the language. They failed to recognise Iqbal's genius because he belonged to the Punjab. It was through sheer forceful projection of his ideas and the natural ease and flow of his language that Iqbal succeeded in getting recognition even from the jingoistic protagonists of Urdu who hailed from Delhi and Lucknow. He effaced for all times the old prejudice and established for good that a man from the Punjab could write as good Urdu as any one who hailed from the sacred citadels of that language. Lahore became a great centre of Urdu scholarship and writers and poets of the land of five rivers rendered yeoman's service to the cause of Urdu and respectable volume of Urdu literature was produced.

Iqbal started writing poems when he was a student at Sialkot and had some of his lyrics corrected (by post) by Dagh and the poems of this period bear the impress of Dagh.

نہ آتے ہمیں اس میں تکرار کیا تھی
مگر وعدہ کرتے ہوئے عار کیا تھی
تمہارے پیامی نے سب راز کھولا
خطا اس میں بندہ کی سرکار کیا تھی
تامل تو تھا اُن کو آنے میں قاصد
مگر یہ بتا طرزِ انکار کیا تھی۔

If you refused to come I had no power to protest,

But there was no check if you merely promised to come,
Your messenger divulged the whole secret,
This was due to no mistake on my part,
He hesitated to come, but O ! messenger,
Narrate to me the manner of his refusal.[1]

The whole poem is reminiscent of Dagh and his school—in theme as well as diction—the same helplessness, self-abnegation, want of self-realisation and total submission to the will of the beloved. Even the language of the poem bears the impress of decadence. It was lucky that Iqbal entered the field of poetry with a thorough knowledge of the Holy Quran and Sunna and a keen appreciation of Western literature and thought. The development of his poetic genius coincided with his acquisition of more knowledge of Western literature and philosophy. No English poet would string rhymes when his mind was vacant of ideas and feelings. English poetry is highly truthful and based upon realities of life. The English poet has a very exalted ideal of his duties and responsibilities, truth and realism and higher emotions are the themes of his poems.

Iqbal with his dynamic outlook could not brook the restraints imposed by customs and conventions, he had a purpose—a message to deliver and the artificiality and hyperbolic exaggerations of Dagh's school of poetry nauseated him. He was not an artificer in words and could not write a single verse unless he was inspired by the stress of ideas. The departure from old conventions is observable in verses written quite early in his career.

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 98.

کوئی اب تک نہ یہ سمجھا کہ انساں
کہاں جاتا ہے آتا ہے کہاں سے
وہیں سے رات کو ظلمت ملی ہے
چمک تارے نے پائی ہے جہاں سے

None ever knew where man came from and where he went, but the same source gives darkness to night and light to star.[1]

These verses give positive indications of what was to come. Depth of thought, involvement with life problems, easy flow of ideas and freshness of diction are a clear departure from the archaic mannerisms of the old school.

Style is the man, but we can as well say that man is the maker of style. The style and diction, to a large extent, depend upon ideas that are projected through them. If there is dearth of ideas the language becomes sloppy and style haphazard, if, on the other hand, there is a consistent flow of relevant ideas the writer will surely make choice of suitable words and proper expression and these constitute diction and style. In his inspired moments Iqbal had a rush of ideas and poetry came to him as leaves come to a tree in spring. This is the reason why his poems, Urdu poems as well as Persian poems, have a naturalness, an easy and spontaneous flow and haunting music. This perfectibility of form helps in elucidating his ideas though in his case the volitional force are the ideas and words are the media. Good poetry is always a source of pleasure as well as edification. Merely stringing words together

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 99.

and with the help of rhyme and metre giving these words a cadence and music is not good poetry. Iqbal had nothing but contempt for the poet who lacked ideas and purposiveness and all such poetry was for him decadent and entirely opposed to the spirit of genuine poetic art.

The quality of the language of Iqbal's poems is determined by their thought content. He did not care for those conventional forms of expression which in the opinion of some critics were the only means of maintaining the orthodox spirit of poetic art. Iqbal, on the other hand, maintained that 'theme'—the subject-matter—was of vital importance, *i.e.*, if the ideas are of real significance and are presented in a direct and effective manner the purpose of transference of thought is served best, and this is his style and this also determines the quality of his diction. He discarded quite a few of those conventional poetic expressions, terms, images, similes and metaphors which had been mainstay of many poets who preceded him, instead he made many valuable additions by introducing new terms, new imagery, metaphors and similes. Urdu owes a lot to him. He is one of those writers who helped in making Urdu a living language by making it subject to a state of continual change and evolution. Archaic and obsolete terms, expressions and words are replaced by new ones through transfer and use. Iqbal's proficiency in Arabic, Persian, English and German languages helped him a good deal in this work and thus the expressional scope became widened.

مہر روشن چھپ گیا ، اُٹھی نقاب روئے شام

شانۂ ہستی پہ ہے بکھرا ہوا گیسوئے شام
یہ سیہ پوشی کی تیاری کسی کے غم میں ہے
محفلِ قدرت مگر خورشید کے ماتم میں ہے

The luminous sunset and the veil is lifted from the face of eve,
The black tresses of evening are scattered all over the world,
All things cloaked in sable are a sign of mourning,
Flora and fauna are mourning over the departure of the sun.[1]

کس زبان سے اے گلِ پژمردہ تجھے گل کہوں
کس طرح تجھ کو تمنائے دلِ بلبل کہوں

O! Withered flower, how can I call you a blossom,
How can I name you the heart's desire of nightingale.[2]

These verses present a happy fusion of felicitous expression and vigorous thinking. The thought content is effectively projected and diction and poetic perfection has helped in giving expression to the poet's feelings.

In 1903 an article was published in the periodical *Makhzan* under the caption 'Sympathetic Criticism' (تنقیدِ ہمدرد) in which the defects of Iqbal's art of poetry and his use of Urdu language were high-lighted. In his reply Iqbal said, "It is, in my opinion, wellnigh impossible to give any verdict about the correctness and exact form of linguistic content and idiomatic phraseology of a language yet in the making. It is quite plausible that Urdu may become current all over the sub-continent. If this happens then the social and cul-

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 38.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 51.

tural patterns prevalent in areas to which Urdu goes and local forms of expression used there will exert a potent influence on this language. This is an established law of linguistics and it is not within the power of anyone from Lucknow or Delhi to hinder the implementation of this law. What puzzles me is that no one objects to the use of translations of such words as table, room, court, auction and other idiomatic expressions derived from English and Persian but if any one uses a derivative from Punjabi or a Punjabi word in his composition he is dubbed as a heretic and infidel."

Iqbal's premonitions have come true. After partition of India and creation of Pakistan Urdu is fast spreading to every part of the country. Urdu idioms and expressions have found a permanent place in Punjabi, Sindhi, Pushto and Baluchi and many forms of expression and words of these languages have enriched Urdu. Iqbal was fully conscious that Urdu language was passing through a formative period and its vocabulary and syntax as well as idiomatic expressions needed useful additions from other sources. Quite early in life, in his poem about Ghalib he said :

گیسوئے اُردو ابھی منت پذیرِ شانہ ہے
شمع یہ سودائیِ دل سوزیِ پروانہ ہے

The tresses of Urdu need grooming and this candle needs immolation of moths.[1]

Iqbal did great service to Urdu. He introduced philosophical terms into it, added new forms of expression derived from Persian, Arabic, English, German

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 27.

and local languages. Above all he established for all times that verbosity and loquaciousness are a defect. The poet should say what he has to say and say as well and as beautifully as he can and in as few words as possible because concision and suggestion are inherent qualities of all good poetry.

دانۂ خرمن نما ہے شاعرِ معجز بیاں
ہو نہ خرمن ہی تو اس دانے کی پھر ہستی کہاں

The miracle making poet is like the grain which leads to a harvest,
If there is no harvest the single grain is of no value.[1]

The truly great poet is blessed with vast visionary powers—he sees all things in their proper perspective. The past, the present and the future are all within the reach of his powerful imagination ; but if his cammand over the language is not powerful enough his self-revelation falters.

یادِ عہدِ رفتہ میری خاک کو اکسیر ہے
میرا ماضی میرے استقبال کی تفسیر ہے
سامنے رکھتا ہوں اُس دورِ نشاط افزا کو میں
دیکھتا ہوں دوش کے آئینے میں فردا کو میں

Memory of the past is alchemy for my clay,
My past foretells my future,
I bear in mind my exhilarating past,
And interpret the future in the light of what is gone.[2]

In a few, choice words Iqbal has transmitted his message of hope for the future resuscitation and revival of Muslim grandeur and glory. There is no con-

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 43.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 196.

scious effort for the creation of poetical effect either through verbose expressions or exaggerated representations of facts. Simple words, each one of which is pregnant with meanings, give the verses their significance and purposiveness. Spontaneity and naturalness are the distinctive mark of Iqbal's thought as well as language, and he achieves this result not only by avoiding hyperbolic expressions and forms of speech but also by selecting the themes of his poems from life. He laid stress on the subject-matter rather than the language and thus made a direct appeal to the reader.

Iqbal at a particular stage in his career as a poet changed over from Urdu to Persian and about this change Sh. Abdul Qadir says in the Preface to *Bang-e-Dara* :—

"No one knew, that after the death of Ghalib, a man of letters would be born in the sub-continent of India who would instil a new life into Urdu poetry and through whom the unparalleled imaginative powers and unique expressional style will be revived and this man would help in lifting the status of Urdu. It was good luck of Urdu that at this juncture it was helped by the efforts of a poet of the calibre of Iqbal... ......There were many reasons which convinced Iqbal to write his poems in Persian instead of Urdu......... One important effect of adopting Persian as his alternate medium was that Urdu poems written during the third period are full of Persian forms of expression and prosody.........It appears that with an effort the pen, that was writing Persian poems, was again being diverted towards Urdu." The effect of Persian is clearly visible in the Urdu poems of this period and we

observe a more liberal use of Persian terminology, similes and metaphors.

دلِ بیدار فاروق ، دلِ بیدار کراری
مسِ آدم کے حق میں کیمیا ہے دل کی بیداری
دلِ بیدار پیدا کر کہ دل خوابیدہ ہے جبتک
نہ تیری ضرب ہے کاری نہ میری ضرب ہے کاری

The alert and awakened heart of Farooq and Ali,
The alert heart is alchemy for man,
Have a wide awake heart, if thy heart is in a doze,
Neither you can succeed nor me.[1]

Persian forms and modes of expression are freely used in the above verses and this has added not only to beauty of language, it has also been helpful in projecting the idea that only those people can flourish who are alert and really apprehend the world they live in. Full realisation of environmental conditions is essential for the development and progress of the ego. Iqbal as a thinker and philosopher is ever in search of ultimate truth and final manifestation of beauty—he is attracted by truth and beauty which for him are coterminous and are expressions of the same reality—God. To express this ultimate reality language must not only be pure and chaste it must be perfect as well. The subjective element will dominate, nodoubt, but the objective form cannot be neglected.

محفلِ قدرت ہے اک دریائے بے پایاں حسن
آنکھ اگر دیکھے تو ہر قطرہ میں ہے طوفانِ حسن
آسمانِ صبح کی آئینہ پوشی میں ہے یہ
شام کی ظلمت ، شفق کی گل فروشی میں ہے یہ

1. *Bal-e-Gabrial*, p. 7.

چشمۂ کوہسار میں ، دریا کی آزادی میں حسن
شہر میں، صحرا میں ، ویرانے میں ، آبادی میں حسن

The whole nature is a fathomless ocean of beauty,
If eye could see each drop has a tumult of beauty,
It is there in crystal bright dress of dawn,
And in the dusk of evening and in the rose tinted twilight,
Rivulets coming down the hills and free-flowing rivers have it,
It is present in the city, the desert, the wilderness and abode of man.[1]

Beauty pervades nature; but for Iqbal this does not suffice, his search is for the ultimate and the infinite.

روح کو لیکن کسی گم گشتہ شے کی ہے ہوس
ورنہ اس صحرا میں کیوں نالاں ہے مانندِ جرس
حُسن کے اس عام جلوہ سے بھی یہ بے تاب ہے
زندگی اس کی مثالِ ماہیِ بے آب ہے

The soul yearns for something missing,
Otherwise why does it toll the bell of sorrow in the desert,
Even an open display of beauty keeps it restless,
It is like fish out of water.[2]

It must be borne in mind that Iqbal's poetic genius was comprehensive and all embracing. He could write poems in which we find easy flow of words and choice of diction combined with perfection of artistry in the use of prosody. In his search for beauty and truth he creates purity, sweetness and intensity of feeling and expresses it through his perfect diction and varied rhythm. His lyric poetry is rarely surpassed by any other

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 93, 94.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 94.

poet ; but super-imposed upon all these qualities are his prophetic approach and an all-embracing vision and dynamic outlook on life. "The poet, it is now felt, can do something that other men cannot do. He can give a special kind of life through his art, he can show what things really mean in their associations and relations. Through the feelings and the imagination he creates an effect which science cannot. The scientist is the mere expositor, the poet the man of action." (*The Heritage of Symbolism*—Maurice Bowra).

Chapter III

DESCRIPTIVE QUALITY

"In its strict sense the word criticism means judgment, and this sense commonly colours our use of it even when it is most broadly employed. The literary critic is, therefore, regarded primarily as an expert who brings a special faculty and training to bear upon a piece of literary art, or the work of a given author, examines its merits and defects and pronounces a verdict upon it. Yet when we speak of the literature of criticism we evidently include under the term more than the literature which records judgment. We comprehend under it the whole mass of literature which is written about literature, whether, the object be analysis, interpretation, or evaluation, or all these combined. . . . . If creative literature may be defined as an interpretation of life under the various forms of literary art, critical literature may be defined as an interpretation of that interpretation and the forms of art through which it is given."—W. H. Hudson.

The critic is not the creator, he is at best an interpreter. No doubt, he is one of those peoples who know and can appreciate a good work of art. Art is a part of the very atmosphere in which he lives and understands and enjoys the masterly handling of language when he comes across it, he appreciates the

technical perfection and beautiful descriptions. For the man who really enjoys poetry, the reading of a good poem is a vivid experience in his life—an event of supreme significance. Descriptions of scenes of nature, events, incidents, buildings, rivers, etc. constitute a vital part of poetry in all languages." Imagery and metaphors play a vital role in the depiction of any scene." . . . . . . "One extremely common mistake regarding imagery must be disposed of once and for all. This is the notion that imagery must be visual. The idea arises from the word 'image' in its quite different meaning of a 'pictorial representation.' However, though imagery can be visual, either in part or in whole, the proper association of the word is not with pictures but with the word 'imagination'. Imagery is something bodied forth by the writer's imagination. In a metaphor, two or more things, not normally thought of as being connected with each other, are brought together and fused into one in the imagination of the literary artist. It is the writer's imagination which catches at hitherto unperceived relations between things, and contact with the workings of a great writer's imagination can thus give us a completely new and refreshing sense of the world in which we live."—W. H. Hudson.

As far as description and imagery are concerned the English poets, particularly the Romantics, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson, give a free play to their imagination. Their descriptions are realistic and detailed but these descriptions are always given a colouring by their imagination and their desire to portray the ideal of beauty

which is ever present in their minds. Iqbal knew the art of delineating a picture in words. His descriptions of nature are realistic and detailed but are more accurate and idealistic than those of the English Romantics. If we turn to Urdu and Persian poetry of the nineteenth century and try to pick points of similarity we observe that descriptions given by the poets of that period are mostly taken from the book. We find descriptions of spring, flowers, rivers, plains, gardens, morning, twilight, evening, night, the beloved—her face and form, her behaviour and attitudes, her likes and dislikes and her whims; but these descriptions are almost invariably artificial and exaggerated. With a few exceptions conventionality holds sway and the descriptions do not appear to be based on the poet's personal observation or first hand knowledge and are, therefore, artificial and unnatural. In this regard oriental poets resembled their English counterparts of the Classical period. W. H. Hudson says about Pope and his school of poetry, "Even to the uncritical reader the contrast is apparent between the first hand knowledge of Wordsworth, Keats and Tennyson each of whom wrote in (Wordsworth's own phrase) with his eye steadily fixed on the object, and the bookishness, the vague generalised statements and the neglect of details which characterised Pope and his school." The romantics made descriptions flexible, life-like and realistic.

Iqbal shows in his descriptions the English Romantic poet's love of nature, pictorial art, accuracy of detail, vividness of description and beauty of diction. His descriptions are given when his eyes are fixed on

real objects and for this reason these are fresh and spontaneous.

صبح جب میری نگاہ سودائی نظارہ تھی
آسماں پر ایک شعاعِ آفتاب آوارہ تھی

The morning scene captivated my eyes in the morning,
I saw a lonely beam of the sun loitering in the firmament.[1]

سرمہ بن کے چشمِ انساں میں سما جاؤں گی میں
رات نے جو کچھ چھپا رکھا تھا دکھلاؤں گی میں

I will become collyrium and integrate with the eye of man,
And bring to light what the dark night had concealed.[2]

تیرے مستوں میں کوئی جویائے ہشیاری بھی ہے
سونے والوں میں کسی کو ذوقِ بیداری بھی ہے

Were the entranced at all desirous of awakening?
Those who had fallen asleep did they want to wake up?[3]

Iqbal's descriptions of natural scenes are as vivid, precise, detailed and realistic as those of Wordsworth or Keats; but invariably, even in his earlier poems, written before 1905, he associated nature with man. He loves to describe the beauties of nature; but he is more concerned with the environmental effect which beauty and nature exert on the human self both in the material world and the world of spirit. His descriptions have a definite purpose and message but as objective descriptions they have their value and place in literature.

سکوتِ شام میں محوِ سرود ہے راوی
نہ پوچھ مجھ سے جو کیفیت ہے مرے دل کی

1 *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 237.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*

In the tranquil evening the river Ravi babbles on,
Words cannot express its effect on my heart.[1]

شرابِ سرخ سے رنگیں ہوا ہے دامنِ شام
لیے ہے پیرِ فلک دستِ رعشہ دار میں جام

The expanse of twilight is tinted by scarlet wine,
Aged sky holds in its palsied hand the cup.[2]

رواں ہے سینۂ دریا پہ اک سفینۂ تیز
ہوا ہے موج سے ملاح جس کا گرم ستیز

A boat sails onward on the river water,
The sailor struggles against its waves.[3]

These verses are purely descriptive and present a beautiful and realistic picture of the scene on the banks of the river Ravi. The quiet of evening prevails all around and the river flows on. The red light of sunset flushed the sky in the West. A solitary boat was moving on the river and the boatman was struggling against the waves of the river and with the help of his oars made the boat move ahead. The sailor's efforts are symbolic and are an expression of Iqbal's desire that man should struggle against the forces of nature and environmental conditions, and through his efforts secure control over conditions which, otherwise, are out of his grasp. The succeeding verse further develops this juxtaposition of human ego against his environment.

شکست سے یہ کبھی آشنا نہیں ہوتا
نظر سے چھپتا ہے مگر فنا نہیں ہوتا

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 94.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*, p. 95.

The human ego is never destroyed,
It may disappear from sight but is never extinct.[1]

The boat moving on the expanse of river water is the ship of life moving through space and time and the sailor is the symbol of human soul struggling against adverse and unfavourable circumstances.

The human ego is indestructible—death brings a change but not extinction. The dead disappear from the sight of those who are alive but death is transmutation and not destruction. Nature and the world of material objects are realities and provide the background for the intense drama of life. In his poems Iqbal gives vivid pictures of the varied phenomena of nature, the sky, the stars, cities, rivers, brooks and plains and hills but most of these descriptions are not the aim or purpose of his poetry. These are real and beautiful in their own place but are a setting for the efforts of the human ego and provide incentives for the evolutionary process. The characteristic feature of these descriptions is their close approximation to objective reality and deep association with life.

Iqbal passed the first eighteen years of his life in Sialkot (1877-1895). Sialkot was then not the big swollen city of today. It was a small town with a rural setting. Situated on the borders of Kashmir it was rich in natural scenes and attractions. Green fields rolled right up to the doors and walls of houses located on the out-skirts of the town. There were many small gardens in the town and from his early childhood Iqbal got plenty of chances to observe the beauties of nature every day. In 1895 he came to

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 95.

Lahore and joined the Government College, Lahore in 1895 was a much smaller city than the Lahore of today but it was actually a city of gardens. It was quieter and greener. The old city was encircled by a garden which had tall, shady trees and a plethora of beautiful rose bushes. A canal flowed bubbling through this garden. There were many other gardens along the Grand Trunk Road, the Circular Road, the Mall and the Ravi Road. The city of Lahore was surrounded by green fields and lush orchards. You paid a few annas, hired a tonga, crossed the old bridge on the Ravi and were in the midst of pure nature with all its beauty and tranquillity and as far as the eye went there stretched the kaleidoscopic panorama of nature. Iqbal lived in such a Lahore for the rest of his life excepting the three years which he passed in Europe studying for his Doctorate. He had a keen sense of observation, fine sensibilities and a wonderfully retentive memory. The beauties of nature he saw first hand made a deep and lasting impression and most of his descriptions are based on these observations.

In Europe he travelled through England, France, Germany and Spain and came into contact with all the variegated aspects of nature. He retained these pictures in his mind and reproduced them at will with the added charm of his subjective apprehension of what is beautiful. Pictures of nature and descriptions march on in his poems as do pictures taken by a movie camera.

لالہ‌ہا آسودہ در کہسارہا　　نہرہا گردندہ در گلزارہا
غنچہ ہائے سرخ ، اسپید و کبود　　از دمِ قدسیان او را کشود

Hills abounded in full blown tulips,
Canals meandered through flower buds,
Red, white, blue flowers were in plenty,
The breath of angels made them bloom.[1]

پھول ہیں صحرا میں یا پریاں قطار اندر قطار
اودے اودے ، نیلے نیلے ، پیلے پیلے پیرہن

Flowers in the wilderness or fairies in row after row,
Garbed in violet, blue and saffron coloured garments.[2]

آں ہوائے تند آں شبگوں سحاب   برق اندر ظلمتش گم کردہ تاب
قلزمے اندر ہوا آویختہ   چاک داماں و گہر کم ریختہ

The tornado and that cloud black like night,
So black that lightning lost its blaze,
An ocean hung in mid air,
Torn at places but had shed few drops.[3]

Every poet has to forge a contact between his inner self and the external world of objective realities in which he lives and the more intimate and deeper this contact becomes the better is the poet able to understand life and give expression to his ideas about it. Iqbal is poet of Life and for him the external world of objective realities—Nature—provides the material for the development of the ever-growing human self. Proper understanding and appreciation of the Ego is not possible without a full and deep understanding of Nature. The world of Nature and the human Ego are undefinably inter-related and one exercises a powerful and healthy influence on the other. This action of the Ego on the world of Nature

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 180.
2. *Bal-e-Gabriel*, p. 5.
3. *Javed Nama*, p. 100.

and environmental conditions and the corresponding action of Nature and environment on the Ego sets into motion a chain of creative activity ethical, moral or rationalistic. If this action and reaction are perfect there is a unity of purpose and the actual becomes one with the real. In this way Nature and Ego coalesce and this is the source of best creative art. The beauty of Nature attracts the artist, he observes this beauty in its minutest details and expresses it in words or colours. This expression is a compound affair—the ideal and actual become merged and give shape to an imaginative representation which is an improvement on the real and objective.

جهانِ رنگ و بو گلدستهٔ ما — زما آزاد و هم وابستهٔ ما
خودی او را به یک تارِ نگاه بست — زمین و آسمان وسپهر و ماه بست
دلِ ما را به او پوشیده راه است — که هر موجود ممنونِ نگاه است
گر او را کس نه بیند زار گرد — اگر بیندیم بحر و کهسار گردد
جهان غیر از تجلی هائے مانیست — که بے ما جلوهٔ نور و صدا نیست

The world of colours and odours is a bouquet for us,
It may be beyond us but is bound to us,
The Ego grasps it through a single look,
The earth, the sky, the sun and the moon all are attached to us,
Our hearts secretly communicate with them,
All actuality depends on our observing look,
If not observed they become dis-traught,
If observed they become oceans and mountains,
The world would be naught without our light,
Without our presence there would be no sound no light.[1]

Iqbal's imagery and comparisons are highly sub-

1. *Zabur-e-Ajam*, pp. 212, 213,

jective and symbolic. He possessed that higher faculty—a perception which transcended mere sensuous observation. In his vision he could see into the life of things. The objective reality receded into the background and the poet's penetrating eye reached the core and discovered the actuality. It is a kind of mystic experience which at its highest becomes an ecstasy. Spiritual interpretations pervade all Iqbal's poetry of nature. The dawn for him is not merely a pageant of colour it is for him a moment of spiritual consecration and divine revelation. As his genius matured vitalism, desire of reformatory process, became integrated with his nature poetry. His descriptions of the cloud, the moon, the nightingale, the glow-worm, the eagle, the tulip, all served as media for his message exhorting through vitalist comparisons, all humanity to adopt a life of action and higher ideals and thus attain self-perfection.

به سبزه غلطم و بر شاخ لاله می پیچم
که رنگ و بو از مساماتِ او بر انگیزم
خمیده تا نشود شاخ او را از گردشِ من
به برگِ لاله و گل نرم نرمک آویزم
چو شاعرے زغمِ عشق در خروش آئید
نفس نفس به نواہائے او را در آمیزم

I touch the verdure and cut circles round the tulip,
Thus I bring forth from their pores their smell and colour,
That my movements may not twist its branch,
I delicately touch the petals of the tulip and the rose,
As the poet becomes frenzied by sorrows of love,
Breath by breath I become one with his songs.[1]

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 101.

In these verses Iqbal has described the action and effect of the 'Morning Breeze'; but it is also a symbolic representation of Life. The experience recounted in the poem is complex but it is not irrelevant or unreal. It is an intense and presented in language with relevance and precision and has reference to all human beings, whether they have themselves had any experience like this or not. They will certainly have that experience after reading this poem. Description has become involved with an emotive experience. An atmosphere of utmost delicacy and freshness has been created and details have been conjured up by the poet's imagination. It is the imaginative representation of facts which gives it force and vitality. We get a better and more vivid idea about a storm when imaginatively and emotionally described by a poet than from the matter of fact and colourless report of weather Bureau's daily bulletin. The meteorological department's account of the storm and its after effects is a simple description of the phenomena while the poet's description is not only imaginative it is a highly subjective version. Mere fidelity to facts does not make descriptive poetry because poetic truth implies imaginative and emotional apprehension of the scene and the criterion of any poetic description, is not a description of things as they objectively are, but a revelation of their beauty and expression of mystery. Innate significance and meaning are factors which make good descriptive poetry. Iqbal's descriptive poems are not only accurate and realistic; their real significance lies in interpretation of life—life of nature and life of man. His

principal interests are beauty, truth and human interest. He presents before us that intimate sense of things which is the source of our contact and relation with the world of objective realities because nature and its adjuncts are interesting and attractive through their association with life.

Chapter IV

IMAGERY AND USE OF SIMILES AND METAPHORS

According to Dr. Johnson Shakespeare's greatness lay in the fact that his dramas were 'mirrors of life'. Oscar Wilde on the other hand believed that art really 'mirrored' the author and not life. Truth lies somewhere in between these two opinions. Aristotle enunciated the theory of imitation while Plato believed that all poetry was mimetic. John Stuart Mill said "Poetry is not only expression and uttering forth, but the "exhibition of a state or states of human sensibility." Byron in his characteristic style introduced the volcano and said that "poetry is the lava of the imagination whose eruption prevents an earthquake." He drew a parallel between child-birth and poetic creation like the child the poetic offspring is separable from the poet as well as blended with his feelings and spirit. Poetry like all art is symbolic and poetic representations are directly or indirectly expressions of the poet's identity—his feelings, emotions and sentiments. The German romantic writer Novalis says "Poetry is representation of the spirit, of the inner world in its totality." Descriptions given in poems are never entirely objective and subjectivity governs these descriptions in varying degrees. "Not these plants, not these

mountains, do I wish to copy, but my spirit, my mood, which governs me just at this moment........." (Tieck). Scenes are depicted through images, similes and metaphors which act as symbols for expressing the poet's personal impressions. The poem is the result of reciprocation of the internal world of the poet and the external world of objective realities—Nature. The achievement of this reciprocation is not an easy thing and the imagination of the poet many a time projects him into the world of mystery and phantasy and he finds himself face to face with the unknown and the unfamiliar. The casements of his imagination opens out on the unknown and to interpret this unfamiliar world he has to take help from the world which he knows and is familiar with "Any area for investigation, so long as it lacks prior concepts to give it structure and an express terminology with which it can be managed, appears to the enquiring mind incohate—either a blank, or an elusive and tantalizing confusion. Our usual recourse is, more or less deliberately, to cast about for objects which offer parallels to dimly sensed aspects of the new situation, to use the better known to elucidate the less known, to discuss the intangible in terms of the tangible." Poetry reflects the visible world indirectly, by the significance of world of imagery—similes and metaphors are useful accessories in the work of interpreting the unknown in terms of the known.

Iqbal draws his similes and metaphors from nature and his pictorial imagery makes his descriptions realistic as well as a stepping stone towards the realisation of the actual and the ideal. These pictorial

similitudes are given in suggestive language which heightens its cumulative effect and is an expression of that intense desire in the heart to visualise and express transcendental beauty and ultimate truth which in its most perfect form is revelation of God. His soul is ever eager, restless and aspiring. The stars are beautiful, he is entranced by their beauty; but nothing would satisfy him less than the whole of the heaven's embroidered cloth. His imagery and comparisons create a world which is more perfect and more glorious. The symbolic representations of nature and objective facts of life are helpful in comparative study of active and live reactions of the spirit to environmental conditions.

دریائے پرُ خروش از بند و شکن گذشت
از تنگ نائے وادی و کوه و دمن گذشت
یکسان چون سیل کردهٔ نشیب و فراز را
از کاخِ شاه و باره و کشت و چمن گذشت
بیتاب و تند و تیز و جگر سوز و بیقرار
در ہر زمان بتازه رسید و از کہن گذشت
زی بحر بیکرانہ چہ مستانہ می رود
در خود یگانہ از ہمہ بیگانہ می رود

The tumultuous river crossed all ridges and obstacles,
Passed through narrow valleys and crossed the hills and dales,
Flooded the high and the low alike,
Rolled by the field, gardens and palaces of the high,
Restless, turbulent, swift and distressed it went,
Continuously it left the 'old' behind and to new places it went,
This voluminous water goes like mad,

Complete in itself and careless of all else.[1]

Taking all aspects into consideration we can say that this is superb descriptive poetry and presents a complete picture before the reader. The description with all its realistic details is, however, symbolic and can equally well be applied to human life. Life is tumultuous, and its course overcomes all obstacles. Its passage is variegated, there are ups and downs, successes and failures. Its effects are all embracing and it comprises all forms of objective realities. It is restless and is always in a flux and in its journey goes beyond old conditions and reaches new ones. It is huge and comprehensive and is complete and unique. The symbolic representation has succeded through the use of appropriate similes and metaphors and by creating significant images.

This does not mean that Iqbal's descriptions are always symbolic and he uses the concrete—world of objective realities—for representing or elucidating the abstract—the world of ethical and spiritul values only. His Urdu and Persian poems are full of concrete descriptions in which nature in all its phases and moods is vividly described and imagery used as well as similes and metaphors are taken from the world of realities and actualities. These are descriptions pure and simple without any symbolic or allegoric significance.

مہر روشن چھپ گیا اُٹھی نقابِ روئے شام
شانۂ ہستی پہ ہے بکھرا ہوا گیسوئے شام

The bright sun is set and the veil is removed from the face of dusk,

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 130.

All the world is covered by the black tresses of eve.[1]

The sun has set and with it are gone its golden rays which had illuminated the world, (نقاب ِ روئے شام) the veil is removed from the face of evening. The imagery and comparison are effective, the lifting of the veil from the dark face of dusk means that darkness of evening was enveloping the world and the radiant sun had set the light of which constituted the veil that covered the dark dusk. In the second hemistich of this verse we find another metaphor (گیسوئے شام) tresses of evening. The spreading of black tresses of evening would usher in the dark night. The comparison between the deepening dusk of evening and dishevelled black tresses is so apt that the whole scene is conjured in the reader's imagination. Suggestion is a powerful stimulus and suggestive similes and metaphors are almost invariably the most successful. Heard melodies are sweet but the suggestion of melodies yet unheard is sweeter. The sound of a kiss is more tantalizing than the kiss itself.

طشتِ گردوں میں ٹپکتا ہے شفق کا خونِ ناب
نشترِ قدرت نے کیا کھولی ہے فصدِ آفتاب

In the platter of the firmament twilight is dripping blood,
Nature has applied its lancet deep into the body of the sun.[2]

Both the hemistiches of the above verse contain two beautiful comparisons which are inter-connected. The red blood of twilight (شفق کا خونِ ناب) is indicative of the red glow in the West at sunset and in the second hemistich 'Letting blood' (فصدِ آفتاب) is the action through

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 38.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 53.

which the twilight had become blood red. If we pursue the analogy a bit further, though the interpretation would be somewhat sophisticated, one can say "The sun had fallen ill and retired for rest and to make it healthy and radiant once again nature had applied the lancet to let blood and this flow of blood had reddened the platter of heavens.

Every verse of the poem addressed to the glow-worm (جگنو) has one or two significant comparisons which enhance the descriptive value of the poem.

جگنو کی روشنی ہے کاشانۂ چمن میں
یا شمع جل رہی ہے پھولوں کی انجمن میں

The radiance of glow-worm in the garden,
Is like a candle burning in a collection of flowers.[1]

'Candle' is compared to the glow-worm, as the candle is the source of light is a meeting in the same way in the night the glow-worm sheds light in the garden, where there is a collection of flowers.

آیا ہے آسماں سے اڑ کر کوئی ستارہ
یا جان پڑ گئی ہے مہتاب کی کرن میں

The star has descended from the heavens,
Or a ray of the moon has come alive.[2]

The glow-worm twinkles in the dark night and is here compared to a twinkling-star and a shimmering beam of moon-light.

یا شب کی سلطنت میں دن کا سفیر آیا
غربت میں آکے چمکا گمنام تھا وطن میں

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 84.
2. *Ibid.*

He is the ambassador of day in the realm of night,
Unknown at home has shone-forth in a foreign land.[1]

تکمہ کوئی گرا ہے مہتاب کی قبا کا
ذرہ ہے یا نمایا سورج کے پیرہن کا

A lace fallen from the cloak of the moon,
Or an incandescent atom from the garment of the sun.[2]

Iqbal's imagery, similes and metaphors are realistic and have a direct association with the object described. The real and the metaphorical, the actual and the imaginary are epitomised and his knowledge of Nature is so real and accurate that his imagery and comparisons have a freshness and spontaneity rare to find in other Urdu or Persian poets. Among the English poets of the Romantic period Shelley is considered to be most adept in the art of using similes and metaphors, but his comparisons sprout other and new comparisons suggested merely by his words, and many a time, instead of elucidating the idea obscure it. Shelley's obscurity is mostly the outcome of his too liberal use of similes and metaphors. Iqbal's comparisons, on the other hand, are based upon objective similarities and are, for this reason, effective and illustrate some basic attributes of the object, action or event which they epitomise and it is through these comparisons that his descriptions become associated with the life of man. Most nature poetry is objective and suggest an acceptance of what the poet has observed in nature. The peace and quiet of nature—the cottages, orchards, hedge-rows the sounding cataracts, tumultuous streams,

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 84.
2. *Ibid.*

tall rocks, gloomy and dark woods, all are described in words. Some poets are attracted particularly by nature in its violent moods and the fear inspired by it is an integral part of their nature poetry. These poets, however, remain content with giving word pictures; but do not try to humanise it or get any kind of assurance or message of hope from these manifestations of nature. Iqbal's descriptions of nature, however, accurate and detailed objectively these may be, are visualised in wider perspective and objectivity is blended with a highly subjective understanding and depiction of life vis-a-vis nature.

ستارہ صبح کا روتا تھا اور یہ کہتا تھا
ملی نگاہ مگر فرصت نگاہ نہ ملی
ہوئی ہے زندہ دمِ آفتاب سے ہر شے
اماں مجھی کو تہِ دامانِ سحر نہ ملی
بساط کیا ہے بھلا صبح کے تارے کی
نفس حباب کا تابندگی شرارے کی

The morning star wept and said,
Alas ! I had vision but no time to use it.
The sun blessed with life all nature,
Alas ! I alone remained unsafe after dawn,
The Hesper is of no consequence,
It is whiff of a bubble and glow of a spark.[1]

جس طرح ڈوبتی ہے کشتیٔ سیمیں قمر
نورِ خورشید کے طوفاں میں ہنگامِ سحر

Thus sinks the silvery boat of the moon,
In the flux of light of the morning sun.[2]

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 125.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 116.

آتی ہے مشرق سے جب ہنگامہ در دامن سحر
منزلِ ہستی سے کر جاتی ہے خاموشی سفر
محفلِ قدرت کا آخر ٹوٹ جاتا ہے سکوت
دیتی ہے ہر چیز اپنی زندگانی کا ثبوت
چہچہاتے ہیں پرندے پا کے پیغامِ حیات
باندھتے ہیں پھول بھی گلشن میں احرامِ حیات
مسلمِ خوابیدہ اُٹھ ہنگامہ آرا تو بھی ہو
وہ چمک اُٹھا افق گرمِ تقاضا تو بھی ہو

From the East comes the dawn with all its commotions.
Silence departs from the abode of man,
At last the quiet of nature is shattered,
All things give proof of being alive,
Birds get the message of life and chirrup,
Flowers in the garden don the dress of life,
O, sleeping Muslim be alive and be active.
The East is bright, you, press your demands.[1]

Simple scenes so common in nature are depicted here but the poet has given poetic description a broader and symbolic effect. The emotional as well as spiritual effect of nature is juxtaposed against objective and realistic description.

Metaphors and similes are single as well as dual, *e.g.* (خورد آبِ زجوئے کہکشانے) is an example of single comparison. The milky way in the heavens has been aptly compared with a stream. برف نے باندھی ہے دستارِ فضیلت تیرے سر is a double comparison. The peak of the mountain is compared to a head and white snow which covers the top is compared to a white turban and is symptomatic of the mark of distinction earned by its great height.

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 211.

Iqbal has made use of single comparisons as well as dual.

مرنے والوں کی جبیں روشن ہے اس ظلمات میں
جس طرح تارے چمکتے ہیں اندھیری رات میں

The foreheads of the dead shine in the darkness of grave,
Just as stars glitter in the pitch black night.[1]

It is through the use of imagery and comparisons that Iqbal secures the active participation and involvement of his readers. The appeal is both intellectual and emotional. The preceding verse is descriptive in content but the comparison makes the description symbolic. The radiant brows of the dead break the prevailing darkness of death just as the glittering stars break the gloom and darkness of night. This note of optimism and hopefulness endears Iqbal to so many of his readers.

زندگی محبوب ایسی دیدۂ قدرت میں ہے
ذوقِ حفظ زندگی ہر چیز کی فطرت میں ہے

Life is so precious in the eyes of nature,
Survival is instinctive effort of all things created.[2]

زندگی کی آگ کا انجام خاکستر نہیں
ٹوٹنا جس کا مقدر ہو یہ وہ گوہر نہیں

The incandescent fire of life never becomes ashes,
This pearl is not destined to be shattered.[3]

Life is like a flame burning at white heat and Iqbal is sure that this fire cannot be extinguished. Life is a precious pearl and is not destined to be destroyed.

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 157.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 231.
3. *Ibid.*

Two analogies have been introduced—Fire and Pearl —life is warm and palpitating like fire and it is perfect and precious like a pearl. These comparisons have not only added to the beauty of the verse they have made it more meaningful and enlightening.

Iqbal is, almost, always after total effect and relevant analogies. Metaphors and similes which are dual produce a cumulative effect of realistic representation as well as maintain natural charm and spontaneity.

پتیاں پھولوں کی گرتی ہیں خزاں میں اسطرح
دستِ طفلِ خفتہ سے رنگین کھلونے جس طرح

Petals fall from flowers in autumn,
Just as do painted toys from the hands of a sleeping child.[1]

To a casual reader this simile appears to be single but actually it is a double one. Petals of a flower are compared to coloured toys. This is in fact a double comparison because two basic qualities beauty and colour of a flower are compared to two corresponding qualities of beauty and colour of a toy. The autumn is compared to the hand of a sleeping child. Petals fall in autumn as do toys from the hands of a sleeping child. This again is a single comparison but carelessness and action of falling is cumulatively represented in both cases—the autumn and the child. The two similes combine in producing a total effect and therein lies the success of this comparison. Talking about comparisons one is again reminded of the English poet Shelley who is considered to be expert in the art of using similes and metaphors and Shelley at his best does make a very ingenious use of analogies.

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 153.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own,
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies :
Take from both a deep autumnal tone,

(Ode to the West Wind)

This is in all respects a perfect comparison, but the trouble with Shelley generally is that he is carried away by his imagination and soars into the realm of the unknown and the unreal and it is impossible for the reader to keep pace with him. In some cases similes sprout from similes and we have a long chain of abstract and unfamiliar comparisons which instead of elucidating the theme make it more obscure and unintelligible. Iqbal, on the other hand, considers the world of matter and objective realities as important as the world of vision and the super-natural. His feet are always firmly planted on the earth and he never becomes, like Shelley, an ineffectual angel beating his wings in vain trying to gain admittance into the world of realities. Iqbal is very fastidious about the selection of analogies. He is never vague or ambiguous, neither is he far-fetched. Broad points of similarity are enough to provide a good comparison. His knowledge of different languages, philosophy, jurisprudence, politics and above all of the Holy Quran and Arabic helped him to draw upon a variety of analogous facts and create similitudes. His poetry of nature shows unmistakable signs that he had learnt a good deal from the great Arabic poets. As far as similes and metaphors are concerned the impact of Arabic poetry is quite evident. The comparisons in the verse given below belong to this category.

تیری بنا پائیدار تیرے ستون بیشمار
شام کے صحرا میں ہو جیسے ہجوم نخیل

You are built on firm base and your pillars are many,
Like the grove of palm in a Syrian desert.[1]

In the second hemistich the comparison is between —many pillars and—grove of palms and these comparisons are purely Arabic.

آدمی کے ریشے ریشے میں سما جاتا ہے عشق
شاخِ گل میں جس طرح بادِ صبح گاہی کا نم

Love becomes a part of the human blood stream,
As the damp of morning breeze enters the flower-branch.[2]

Iqbal's scholastic background was broad based and his contact with Western thought and literature was both deep and detailed and in the above verse the analogies are more occidental than oriental.

There is one more category of similes and metaphors where comparisons are instituted with birds and animals which symbolize particular habits and qualities. Urdu and Persian poets often make mention of pigeons, pheasants, nightingales, deer and antelopes etc. but Iqbal has made a departure from all conventional comparisons. He repeatedly introduces comparisons with falcons, eagles and tigers. This evoked sharp criticism and the poet-philosopher was dubbed a reactionary because, in the opinion of these critics, he had set the clock back. They said that he was taking the people back towards barbarity and savagery of pre-historic times. However, this trend in criticism

1. *Bal-e-Gabriel*, p. 18.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 6.

could not hold ground and with the passage of time died its natural death because these critics looked at one side of the picture and ignored the other side. They tried to explain the comparison suggested by a simile or metaphor after detaching it from its context and background. Iqbal was never attracted by the blood-thirsty and destructive propensities of these birds or animals. He admires them rather for their love for freedom, love for action, will power, determination and dynamic behaviour. Dr. Yousaf Hassan Khan expresses the opinion that eagle is the favourite bird of Iqbal because this bird is a symbol of power and action and it is round action, self-reliance and love for freedom that Iqbal's philosophy of self, and evolutionary progress of Ego revolves.

Eagle (شاہین)

کیا میں نے اس خاک داں سے کنارہ
جہاں رزق کا نام ہے آب و دانہ
بیاباں کی خلوت خوش آتی ہے مجھ کو
ازل سے ہے فطرت میری راہبانہ
نہ بادِ بہاری، نہ گلچیں، نہ بلبل
نہ بیماریٔ نغمہ عاشقانہ
خیابانیوں سے ہے پرہیز لازم
ادائیں ہیں ان کی بہت دلبرانہ
ہوائے بیاباں سے ہوتی ہے کاری
جواں مرد کی ضربتِ غازیانہ
حمام و کبوتر کا بھوکا نہیں میں
کہ ہے زندگی باز کی زاہدانہ

جھپٹنا ، پلٹنا ، پلٹ کر جھپٹنا
لہو گرم رکھنے کا ہے اک بہانہ
یہ پورب یہ پچھم چکوروں کی دنیا
مرا نیلگوں آسماں بیکرانہ
پرندوں کی دنیا کا درویش ہوں میں
کہ شاہیں بناتا نہیں آشیانہ

I have bidden farewell to this mundane world,
In this world eating drinking are considered aim of life,
I enjoy to live by myself, all alone in the wilderness,
Because from birth my nature has been ascetic,
There is no spring-breeze, no flower picker, no nightingale,
I do not suffer from the disease of singing love songs,
We must stay away from gardens and orchards,
Its actions and qualities are always ingratiating,
The winds of the wilderness lend strength to the valiant,
And the efforts of the valiant become more purposeful,
I do not hanker for doves and pigeons,
The eagle lives the life of an ascetic,
Attacking, retreating, coming back and attacking again,
These are manoeuvres for keeping the blood warm,
The east and the west are all abodes of pheasants,
My blue sky is boundless,
I am the Dervish of the bird world,
The eagle does not build a nest.[1]

گزر اوقات کر لیتا ہے یہ کوہ و بیاباں میں
کہ شاہیں کے لیے ذلت ہے کارِ آشیاں بندی

It manages to pass its life in barren hills and mountains,
It is degrading for the eagle to stoop to nest building.[2]

1. *Bal-e-Gabriel*, p. 31.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 2.

Iqbal makes comparisons with this bird not because of its ferocity and lust for hunting. It is the eagle's love for action, love for liberty, self-reliance, fearlessness and dynamism that he respects and likes.

Chapter V

THE ETERNAL THEME

After man has reached a certain level of civilization, his feelings become more complicated by association, not only with instinctive impulses and emotions and loved ideals, but with values which are objective and entirely a product of environments. This results in a conflict and the consequent emergence of higher ideals and more sophisticated aims and purposes. The supreme values of life such as beauty, truth, goodness provide him with subjects for contemplation. It was this feeling of wonder and awe inspired in the mind when faced by picturesques and mysterious facts of life that inspired John Keats to say:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all,
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

'The Imagination', said Keats, 'may be compared to Adam's dream—he awoke and found it truth'. And then there is Blake: "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth". These oracular statements are complementary : though they are extremist statements. Keats has contrived to suggest the whole complex act of poetic creation in a single image. See how much this image says. It says that imagination is receptive, works unconsciously, unaware that in its dream and from its substance there is being created

truth. I shall inquire into this more closely in my third chapter, where the poetic process, the movement of imagination forming and deploying through image, is discussed from the poet's point of view. At present I am chiefly concerned with the image as it affects the reader, and it is to him that Blake's aphorism must primarily be addressed. This aphorism, if we meditate upon it strictly enough, does, I think, help to ease the problem of belief in poetry, it goes deeper than Coleridge's "suspension of dis-belief", as it certainly is more positive. 'Everything possible to be believed' —everything, that is, of which poetry by force of its passion, can convince us—'is an image of truth', because the truth is in the passion. Intellectual beliefs must be suspended, in order that different but no less valid mode of belief may for the time possess our minds. In poetry, as I said, there can be no contradictions other than those which come from artistic inconsistency, from incongruity of image, with theme. For the poet, 'of everything that is true, the converse also is true : he can call the moon a constant mistress and a fickle jade. . . . . . ."—The Poetic Image by Day Lewis.

The world created by the poet may not be the real world ; but the image-patterns created correspond to the image patterns of real life. It is all a question of perceptive powers which in the case of the poet are more far reaching than in the case of ordinary people. If we consider the simplest elements of poetry we find that a poem comprises a theme, some image patterns, some feeling and a tune. These are closely related and when fused together in proper proportion they

create a perfect artistic unity which we call a poem. There are, however, poems in which one particular element preponderates. There are poems in which sound effect is more important, or pictorial representation is more important, or description and narration are given precedence over other qualities or the subjective element is dominant. As civilisation advanced life became more and more complicated and man's appreciation of nature and understanding of environmental conditions and life problems became more sophisticated and erudite. The mysteries of nature were, to a sizeable extent solved by scientists, naturalists, physicists and physiologists. Men of learning, thinkers and poets became more concerned with human life and subjective poetry superseded other forms of poetry. Emotions and feelings depicted in these are of a more complex nature and poets and thinkers have to offer more learned and more ingenious interpretations. Instinctive impulses and cherished longings were replaced by values, such as beauty, goodness and the ultimate end of life. Poets became involved with the highest ideals of life and have thus been brought nearer to life.

The modern poet feels intensely about life and when so many adjuncts of life appear mysterious and unintelligible to his naked reason he becomes more intrigued about them. Death is a phenomena which in some form or the other has deeply impressed modern thinkers, philosophers and poets. It is a mystery and takes the shape of an adventure greater than life itself. Elegies have been written in their various forms in every language of the world. If we turn to English

literature we find that elegies have been written by many English poets, but those written by Milton, Gray, Shelley, Tennyson and Arnold are considered to be the best and have stood the test of time. These are popular even today because of their basic qualities of sincerity of emotions which is coupled with an exalted tone of expression and genuine sorrow over the lot of man. Studied against the vast expanses of the universe man looks so small, so vulnerable and helpless and entirely at the mercy of myriads of elemental forces none of which is by nature favourable to this growth and survival. The question is tantalising whether man came into being through fantastic stages of evolution and is just one more example of kaleidoscopic shapes taken by matter. Is he just a handful of dust and finally becomes dust? Or has he been created by some Superior Power and sent for a temporary sojourn on this earth and there is some definite purpose and aim for which he has been created and blessed with a soul? What happens to him after death? The English poets have generally by-passed this question because they had no plausible solution to offer.

In English literature elegy has passed through many stages of development and change. Spensers 'Astrophel', Ben Jonson's famous poem written on the death of Shakespeare—"Memory of my Beloved Friend . . . . Mr. William Shakespeare", Milton's 'Lycidas'. Arnold's 'Rugby Chapel" and 'Thrysis' are elegies of a type in which memorial and encomiastic note is most pronounced while the elegy by Sir William Watson "Wordsworth's Grave" is memorial

as well as critical. These poems are in a sense, tributes paid by poets and men of letters to poets and men of letters who had died. These poems present studies of lives, characters and poetic worth. Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" and Shelley's "Adonais" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" are written on a different pattern. The poet, in each case, is tormented by a sense of personal loss which finds a poignant expression in the poem. Generally speaking all English elegies pass from the particular to the general and the universal. The sense of personal loss merged itself into an expression of feeling of sorrow over the general lot of humanity. "Often, too, the philosophic and speculative elements become predominant in it, sometimes even to the total subordination of the purely personal interest; the poet, brooding upon his subject, is moved to meditations over questions immediately raised by it, or over the deepest problems of life and destiny."—Introduction to the Study of English Literature (W.H. Hudson). The modern interpretation of the word 'Elegy', however, is any distinctively reflective poem with a markedly meditative and melancholy strain combined with a realistic representation of life.

Poetic truth, however, does not mean total fidelity to facts in the general acceptation of that term because this type of objective representation is the work of scientists. By poetic truth we mean fidelity to our emotional apprehension of facts, to the effect they have upon us, to the feelings of hope or fear, pleasure or pain, wonder or religious reverence which they arouse. Thus it is a subjective realisation of the

world around us. The worth of any poetic truth is determined by its accuracy in representing not only what these facts are objectively but also by the beauty, picturesqueness, mystery and truth that we associate with them when we observe them imaginatively. The real significance of poetry lies in its interpretation and representation of nature and life through the imagination and feelings. Elegiac poetry is lyric poetry and the subjective element in it is effectively projected by giving expression to personal sorrow and associating it with universal values. A good elegy is never gloomy and is not darkened by an all pervading sadness or pessimism. The dark clouds of personal sorrow and loss are there but beyond these dark shadows life goes on with all its glory and divine effulgence. This is particularly so in the case of elegiac poems written by Iqbal because for him death is just a change—an evolutionary change and the human Ego does not suffer extinction through death.

فرشتہ موت کا گو چھوتا ہے بدن ترا
ترے وجود کے مرکز سے دور رہتا ہے

Though the angel of death touches your body,
He stays away from the nucleus of your Self.[1]

Iqbal's intimate association with English literature and poetry enabled him to make a critical evaluation of the real worth and significance of elegies written by English poets though he appears to owe no debt to any of these poets because he found their approach mostly materialistic. He had also read the marsias (مرثیہ) written by Anis and Dabir; but his

1. *Zarb-e-Kaleem*, p. 11.

genius as a poet and his dynamic philosophy of life did not have much in common with these poets. They were great in their own fields but were not in any respect affined with Iqbal. Iqbal has written three elegies, one on the death of the celebrated poet Dagh, one on the death of his own mother and the third on the death of Sir Ross Masud. The three poems express a deep sense of personal loss, but except for the elegy on Dagh the other two poems are distinguished rather for their philosophic and speculative qualities. Quite early in these poems the personal element becomes subordinated to general and universal interests. As the poet broods on the subject of death his meditations lead him to the discussion of the deepest problems of life. In this respect he has more points of similarity with Gray and Shelley than with the writers of elegies in Urdu. His elegies are not written in the traditionally conventional style and are not dirges lamenting the death of some dear one.

If we take his elegies one by one we observe that the elegy written on Dagh is the only poem in which the elegiac note has been maintained right up to the end and each verse gives expression to the mood of sadness at the death of the great poet.

عظمتِ غالب ہے اک مدت سے پیوندِ زمیں
مہدیؔ مجروح ہے شہرِ خموشاں کا مکیں

The prominent poet Ghalib died long ago and lay buried,
Now Mehdi Majruh too had become a denizen of the land of dead.[1]

Iqbal wrote this poem quite early in his career and objectivity is the key-note of the tone of the

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 89.

poem. He appears to be overwhelmed by the death of Dagh and gives an objective account of his feelings and sentiments.

ایک ہی قانونِ عالمگیر کے ہیں سب اثر
بوئے گل کا باغ سے گلچیں کا دنیا سے سفر

These are manifestations of the same universal law,
The departure of odour from flower and of flower-picker from the world.[1]

In the case of the other two elegies, viz., "On the Death of My Mother" and the one on the death of "Sir Ross Masud" the first few verses are elegiac and express the mood of sadness and feeling of loss. Addressing his dead mother he says:

کس کو ہوگا اب وطن میں میرا انتظار
کون میرا خط نہ آنے سے رہے گا بیقرار
عمر بھر تیری محبت میری خدمت گر رہی
میں تیری خدمت کے قابل جب ہوا تو چل بسی

At home who would now wait for my return?
Who would be worried if my letter did not arrive?
All your life you lavished loving care on me,
When I became able to serve you, you passed away.[2]

The two verses that follow are in the same strain but then there is a change and the poet becomes involved in philosophical discussion of life problems. For Iqbal man is a glorious being. Man alone can think, talk and pray. He alone has aspirations for a better living, he alone can conceive about God and aspire for Union. Death cannot be the final aim of life.

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 90.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 228, 229.

Such a glorious being is destined for better things and must have a better and more befitting end to his sojourn on earth. There are, no doubt, contradictions in life which are hard to reconcile but these must be met squarely and faced with courage.

کتنی مشکل زندگی ہے کس قدر ارزاں ہے موت
گلشنِ ہستی میں مانندِ نسیم ارزاں ہے موت

How difficult is 'to be' and how easy 'not to be'.
In the garden of life death prevails every where like zypher.[1]

زلزلے ہیں بجلیاں ہیں قحط ہیں آلام ہیں
کیسی کیسی دخترانِ مادرِ ایام ہیں

Earthquakes, thunderbolts, famines and disasters,
How awesome are the offsprings of mother time.[2]

Apparently all things created have an end, death brings an end to the life of man as well. Iqbal, however, does not subscribed to this point of view and is definitely of the opinion that physical death does not bring the human Ego to destruction or extinction.

زندگی محبوب ایسی دیدۂ قدرت میں ہے
ذوقِ حفظِ زندگی ہر چیز کی فطرت میں ہے

Life is so precious in the eyes of Nature,
The desire for survival is part of the nature of all creation.[3]

موت کے ہاتھوں سے مٹ سکتا اگر نقشِ حیات
عام اس کو یوں نہ کر دیتا نظامِ کائنات

If life were to suffer extinction at the hands of death,[4]
Then in the world order death would not have been so common.

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 230.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*, p. 231.
4. *Ibid.*

پھر نہ کر سکتی حباب اپنا اگر پیدا ہوا
توڑنے میں اس کے یوں ہوتی نہ بے پروا ہوا

If air had not the power of forming new bubbles,
It would not have been so careless in destroying it.[1]

جوہرِ انساں عدم سے آشنا ہوتا نہیں
آنکھ سے غائب تو ہوتا ہے فنا ہوتا نہیں

The essence of life is never affected by extinction,
It may disappear from view but is never destroyed.[2]

The death of his mother affected Iqbal deeply and as he brooded and meditated over this loss his musings gave birth to new ideas. Though death is not the end of the Ego, but the departure of the loved one caused deep pain and suffering to the bereaved. Time does not heal wounds caused by death, it may cover them up; but with the passage of time memory of the dead becomes more and more poignant.

کہتے ہیں اہلِ جہاں دردِ اجل ہے لا دوا
زخمِ فرقت وقت کے مرہم سے پاتا ہے شفا

The wise of the world say that pangs caused by death are incurable,
And time is the only antidote which heals these wounds of separation.[3]

وقت کے افسوں سے تھمتا نالۂ ماتم نہیں
وقت زخمِ تیغِ فرقت کا کوئی مرہم نہیں

The magic of fleeting time cannot end the lamentations of the bereaved,
The ointment of time cannot heal wounds made by the

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 232.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 234.
3. *Ibid.*

sword of separation.[1]

We cannot forget them, they may be dead and for all intents and purposes are separated from us. They have left their abode on earth and we can never meet them again, but they have not suffered annihilation, death is just a change.

یہ اگر آئینِ ہستی ہے کہ ہو ہر شام صبح
مرقدِ انساں کی شب کا کیوں نہ ہو انجام صبح

If this is the law of nature that dawn follows evening.
Then why should not the dark night of grave end in a bright morning.[2]

These ideas are expressed by Iqbal in more detail in his lecture "The Human Ego—His Freedom and Immortality." He says "Whatever may be the final fate of man it does not mean the loss of individuality. The Quran does not contemplate complete liberation from finitude as the highest state of human bliss. The increasing reward of man consists in his gradual growth in self possession, in uniqueness and intensity of his activity as an ego."

خودی ہے زندہ تو موت ہے اک مقامِ حیات
کہ عشق موت سے کرتا ہے امتحانِ ثبات

For a powerful and self-conscious Ego death becomes a second stage,
Love tests immortality through death.[3]

In the third elegy, the one written on the death of Sir Ross Masud, the pattern is almost identical. The death of a friend, whom the poet held in great

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 234
2. *Ibid.*, p. 235.
3. *Armaghan-e-Hejaz*, p. 32.

esteem, moved him deeply. He felt that the loss was irreparable and the opening verses of the poem give expression to this feeling.

زوال علم و ہنر مرگ ناگہاں اُس کی
وہ کارواں کا متاعِ گراں بہا مسعود

The sudden death of Masud will bring decline to knowledge and arts,
He was the most precious commodity (personality) with that caravan.[1]

This elegiac tone and emphasis on expression of personal grief is maintained for a few more verses; but after that Iqbal becomes engrossed in discussing universal truths about life, death and life after death, the Ego and its capacity to survive after death.

خودی ہے زندہ تو دریا ہے بیکرانہ ترا
ترے فراق میں مضطر ہے موجِ نیل و فرات

If your Ego is dynamic the river of your life becomes limitless,
The rivers Nile and Euphrates remain restless to meet you.[2]

Life is a living reality and is universal and Divine in essence. Soul is the radiant nucleus in man and the possibilities of this living reality are fully awakened and released when man, through effort and striving, puts into operation the potential powers of the Ego. The aspiring Ego succeeds in converting these possibilities into actualities. The attainment of this perfection leads to the attainment of immortality. In his book "Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam"

1. *Armaghan-e-Hejaz*, p. 32.
2. *Ibid*.

on pages 117 and 118, Iqbal has said : "Even the scene of Universal Destruction immediately preceding the Day of Judgement cannot affect the perfect calm of full grown 'ego'. Only those will not faint in whose case God wills otherwise and these exceptions will be those in whose case the ego has reached the highest point of intensity."

This note of hopefulness is a characteristic feature of Iqbal's thought. He is hopeful about the future destiny of man and his soul; but the elegiac note is markedly noticeable in quite a large number of his poems. This note of sadness, pensive and meditative in content, permeates the poems, however, more emphasis is laid on the discussion of general and universal truths about life, death, future destiny of man and other such problems humanity has faced since the day of creation.

Primitive people believed that it was obligatory for them to placate the forces of nature which they, in their own way, personified as deities controlling sun, thunder, rain and wind. They had to keep themselves in a hostile world and these deities had to be pleased and kept in a good mood. In their ways of life as well as art and poetry they tried to establish a harmony between their culture and natural environment. This gave birth to many superstitions and fetishes. The expression of this faith is symbolised in forces of nature helped them to produce some remarkably good poetry. Slowly this attitude became modified. The world of today is a world of machines. Man hoped that machines would serve him as dutiful helpers by reducing his labour.

What nudity as beautiful as this
Obedient monster purring at its toil ;
Those naked iron muscles dripping oil,
And the sure fingered rods that never miss ?
(Portrait of a Machine by Louis Untermeyer)

Man was carried away by his enthusiasm for his wonderful achievements in the world of science and technology. But he soon saw that instead of peace and plenty he had to face terribly devastating wars, poverty, unemployment, slums and ugliness spread by this proliferation of machines. This brought into existence a feeling of disillusionment and frustration which was further accentuated in the case of Muslims of the Indo-Pak sub-continent by the political and social conditions in which they lived. The debacle of 1857 (War of Independence) and the consequent suppression of Muslims by the British in collusion with the Hindu majority drove them toward nihilism and self-abnegation. This desire to escape from the realities of life became the characteristic feature of Muslim people's outlook on life during the last four decades of the nineteenth century and opening two decades of the twentieth century. Iqbal was keenly conscious of this state of affairs and a brooding pensiveness is spread all through his poems. This element of meditation and emotional dissatisfaction with existing conditions should not be confused with escapism of some of the later romantic poets of England or with the pessimism of Tennyson. Iqbal is very hopeful about the future provided man developed the dynamic attributes of his self.

In his poem addressed to the dead, "Questionaire

for those Asleep in the Dust" (خفتگانِ خاک سے استفسار) he starts with a description of the scene of desolation spread out before him in the graveyard. This elegiac note is maintained up to the seventh verse. In the second verse he says :

یہ سیہ پوشی کی تیاری کسی کے غم میں ہے
محفلِ قدرت مگر خورشید کے ماتم میں ہے

All objects are draped in black as a mark of sorrow,
Entire nature is mourning the departure of sun.[1]
Further on,

تھم ذرا بیتابیٔ دل بیٹھ جانے دے مجھے
اور اس بستی پر چار آنسو گرانے دے مجھے

O' my impatient heart calm down and let me sit here,
Let me shed some tears on this abode of the dead.[2]

In the eighth verse the mood of distress and sorrow is replaced by the spirit of questioning. He wants to solve the mystery of creation and death.

He wants to know from where man came and where he went. The mysteries of life are so tantalizing—life in this world, life in the other world, beauty and ugliness, love and haste, joy and sorrow, happiness and suffering, hell and heaven, sin and virtue are all shrouded in a thick mist of the unknown. No categorical and concrete interpretations are available.

اے مئے غفلت کے سرمستو کہاں رہتے ہو تم
کچھ کہو اُس دیس کی جہاں رہتے ہو تم

O' you who have quaffed an opiate and are tipsy tell us about your abode,

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 38.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 39.

Tell us something about the home of which you are a denizen.[1]

کیا وہاں بجلی بھی ہے دہقاں بھی ہے خرمن بھی ہے
قافلے والے بھی ہیں اندیشۂ رہزن بھی ہے

Do you have in that world lightning, tiller and his heap of corn,
Do caravans move beset by the fear of robbers.[2]

The last verse of the poem poses the question which has ever remained unsolved.

تم بتادو راز جو اس گنبدِ گردوں میں ہے
موت اک چبھتا ہوا کانٹا دلِ انساں میں ہے

You resolve the mystery that lurks in the revolving sky,
Death is the thorn which ever pricks the human heart.[3]

Iqbal observed all things in their minute details and the multifarious aspects of life attracted him most. Man was a unique form of creation and there was every reason to believe that he did not stumble into this world by chance or came into being through some freak of nature. He has been created for specific purposes and has about him a touch of divinity ; but the environment about him is more hostile than favourable for his survival—physical as well as spiritual. Accidents, diseases, calamities all spelled destruction, yet life is so picturesque, so glorious and so attractive. Life is, in fact a curious mixture of joys and sorrows and sorrows out-numbered joys and so cannot afford to be either frivolous or light hearted :

گو سراپا کیفِ عشرت ہے شرابِ زندگی
اشک بھی رکھتا ہے دامن میں سحابِ زندگی

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 39.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*

Though the wine of life makes us tipsy and is pleasure-giving,
The cloud of life, however, bears in it tears as well.[1]

Life is a powerful wine, it intoxicates as well as gives joys and pleasures ; but life is not entirely a bed of roses. Our sincerest laughter is fraught with pain and our sweetest songs are those which have a sorrowful theme. Tears are an expression of that nobler part of the human self from which emanate love and sympathy and these are the qualities which distinguish man from brutes. If there were no griefs and sorrows so many fine feelings and noble sentiments would go out of life because failures and sufferings have a chastening influence on the human mind. They bring about an emotional and intellectual catharsis and we come out of these experiences better and finer beings.

موجِ غم پر رقص کرتا ہے حبابِ زندگی
ہے الم کا سورہ بھی جزوِ کتابِ زندگی

The bubble of life dances on the wave of sorrow,
Grief is a vital chapter of the book of life.[2]

The human Ego yearns to learn the secrets of life and has to pass through trials and tribulations. His efforts are often crowned with success, but generally these end in failure. These set-backs spur him on to more efforts and this effort and stress increases the intensity of his self qualitatively and leads on to perfection. The progress is, however, beset with traumatic and painful experiences.

کلفتِ غم گو اُس کے روز و شب سے دور ہے
زندگی کا راز اُس کی آنکھ سے مستور ہے

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 155.
2. *Ibid*.

If his days and nights are free of pangs of suffering
The secret of life remains hidden from his vision.[1]

The progress of the aspiring Ego towards perfection is continuous and infinite, though many impediments and changes come in its course but the onward march goes unchecked.

ایک اصلیت میں ہے نہرِ روانِ زندگی
گر کے رفعت سے ہجومِ نوعِ انساں بن گئی

The continuity of the river of life is never broken,
Life fell from the heavens and became a crowd of beings.

Death brings a temporary separation in this lower world but we deem this separation to be for ever and cry and weep over it. Death overtakes our physical body while the immortal Ego is immune from its effects.

پستیِ عالم میں ملنے کو جدا ہوتے ہیں ہم
عارضی فرقت کو دائم جان کر روتے ہیں ہم

We part in this lower world to meet again,
We deem these temporary parting as permanent and lament.[2]

The above verses are taken from Iqbal's poem Philosophy of Grief (فلسفۂ غم) and the title of the poem and its theme give expression to some important trends in Iqbal's thought and philosophy. He realised fully that God had purposely made life a blend of joys and sorrows, they are the woof and warp of the texture of life and one complements the other. Both act as formative forces in perfecting the human self. The impact of Ego on environmental conditions and the

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 156.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 157.

counter impact of environment on the Ego generate an evolutionary process which leads to perfection. Griefs and sorrows have a deeper and more potent effect on the mind they chasten and ennoble the Ego. If pleasure and luxuries rule our lives and there are no traumatic experiences the development of the human self is retarded. Iqbal gives expression to these ideas in his poem mentioned above.

شام جس کی آشنائے نالۂ یارب نہیں
جلوہ پیرا جس کی شب میں اشک کے کوکب نہیں
جس کا جامِ دل شکستِ غم سے ہے نا آشنا
جو سدا مستِ شرابِ عیش و عشرت ہی رہا
ہاتھ جس گلچیں کا ہے محفوظ نوکِ خار سے
عشق جس کا ہے بے خبر ہجر کے آزار سے
کلفتِ غم گرچہ اُس کے روز و شب سے دور ہے
زندگی کا راز اُس کی آنکھ سے مستور ہے

If your evenings are not familiar with the anguished cry 'O God',
If the stars of tears do not glisten in your night,
If the cup of your heart is not cracked by grief,
If you ever remained tipsy with the wine of pleasure and luxury,
If the hand of the flower picker remained unpricked by thorn,
If the lover never knew the pangs of separation,
The nights of such people may be immune from pain,
But the secrets of life remain hidden from them.[1]

The finitude of man vis-a-vis the quantitative and qualitative vastness of the Universe does not give man

1, *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 156.

a very advantageous position in Time or Space. He is so small and his life span on earth is so short. Juxtaposed against his environment—the atmosphere and the stratosphere he is in many respects hopelessly helpless and the only relieving unit in his make up is his Ego. In this world of contrarities it is only occasionally that conditions are favourable for his survival and progress. These are more often hostile and man has to carve out for himself a place through his own exertions and efforts. He has to wage a constant war against the forces of evil and ugliness and conquer adverse and hostile circumstances because his betterment lies in involvement with the forces of life.

با موجش بہ غلط و با دریا بہ آمیز
کہ حیاتِ جاودانی در ستیز است

Clash with the waves and be involved with the torrent,
Immortal life comprises continual struggle.

This constant involvement with life and perpetual struggle against unfavourable conditions is one of the salient points of Iqbal's message in respect of man's efforts to secure control over nature or modify nature and environmental conditions in which he lives. The human Ego is not at the mercy of external forces and the world of objective realities only because of his will power and consciousness of his existence as a vital and dynamic entity. This struggle is a permanent adjunct of life and each one of us has to wage it alone by himself and carries it on with varying results. Realisation of man's finitude and the intensity of his struggle for survival gave Iqbal anxious moments of deep brooding and this pensiveness found expression in his poems,

آدمی واں بھی حصارِ غم میں ہے محصور کیا
اُس ولایت میں بھی ہے انساں کا دل مجبور کیا
واں بھی کیا فریادِ بلبل پر چمن روتا نہیں
اس جہاں کی طرح واں بھی دردِ دل ہوتا نہیں

Is man in that world too a captive in the castle of sorrow,
Is his heart as helpless there as it is in this world,
Does the garden shed no tears at the plaintive notes of nightingale,
Is the human heart as callous there as it is here.[1]

A mood of meditative pensiveness is quite evident in these verses and in many other Persian and Urdu verses of Iqbal but this has no points of similarity with the pessimistic strain in Tennyson's poem. This meditative note is primarily philosophic in content and nature and is not the result of want of faith and doubt which haunted Tennyson in spite of his scholastic background and religious education nor is it the anguish suffered by Shelley for whom the objective realities of life often became so ethereal that his contact with life loosened.

Neither has it any affinities with the melancholy which haunts the poems of Arnold, *e.g.* Scholar Gypsy or Forsaken Merman or the novels of Hardy. The pensiveness of these writers was the natural outcome of their agnosticism. Iqbal never denied the importance of the objective world of realities. He is deeply conscious about the significant role which nature and matter play in human life; but God for him is a living Reality whose creative functions are unimpaired and are always active. Man for him is the peak of creation

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 39.

and he is hopeful about man's future that man will finally emerge with a more perfect Ego capable of maintaining his finitude in time and space. We cannot apply the epithet 'optimism' to this note of hopefulness in Iqbal's thought and poetry. It is not the make-believe optimism of Browning which he arrived at through a pragmatic belief in a monotheistic concept of a Deity. The difference between the two poets is basic. Browning had to pass through painful periods of search for faith while Iqbal's path was blazoned by the precepts of the Quran and guidance provided by the life of the Prophet (peace be upon him).

Iqbal was hopeful about the future—the evolutionary process of advance and improvement could neither be stopped nor reversed, but he could not help meditating on human apathy towards the essentials of a good and purposeful life. The material, economic, social, political, moral and ethical condition of the Muslim world made him sad and he brooded over it deep and long. During his stay in Europe he made a critical study of the European concept of nationalism based upon geographical, ethnical, racial and linguistic affinities. This concept of nationalism often degenerated into sabre-rattling jingoism which resulted in devastating economic competition and murderous wars. The concept of Millat envisaged in the Quran transcended differences of race, colour and language. It was much more practicable and could be a powerful stabilising force in the world which under the impact of narrow nationalism was fast disintegrating and crumbling. The socio-economic set up of most European countries was capitalistic though

socialist and communist ideas were fast finding credence with the rising generation. The Quran and the Sunnah presented a far more equitable and simpler socio-economic order and above all laid great emphasis on human rights. He noted with disgust that Western atheistic society was devoid of all ethical and moral values and was no substitute for the Islamic way of life.

تو نے کیا دیکھا نہیں مغرب کا جمہوری نظام
چہرہ روشن اندروں چنگیز سے تاریک تر

Have you not observed the democratic pattern of the West,
It has a bright face but deep inside it is blacker than Changez.[1]

The church had become powerless because the clergy had degraded themselves by their immoral and anti-social practices and there appeared no likelihood of its revival and rehabilitation in the near future. Christ's religion was supplanted by blind worship of Mammon and the god of power. This blind faith in materialism repelled Iqbal and he became convinced that the entire structure of European world order, with all its wealth and much vaunted culture, was poised on the edge of a precipice and was heading towards a cataclysmic end. His premonitions came true and the World War I (1914-1919) shook the very foundations of the political, social, economic and cultural edifice of the West. This decay of Western civilisation was no cause for jubilation. What intrigued him most was why Muslims, who had a superior

1. *Armaghan-e-Hejaz*, p. 29.

religion, a superior culture, a superior code of law regulating all activities of life, were living under such degrading and sub-human conditions. Politically as well economically they had become slaves of the West. Muslims had fallen on evil ways and this grieved him.

غم نصیب اقبال کو بخشا گیا ماتم ترا
چن لیا تقدیر نے وہ دل کہ محرم تھا ترا

The grief stricken Iqbal has been chosen to lament for your lot,
Fates chose the person who knew your secret.[1]

Iqbal meditated deep and long over this state of affairs and the conclusions he had formed became confirmed. Muslims recited the verses of Quran with great fervour but never cared to practise the spirit of Quran's teaching. They vociferously declared their love for the Prophet (peace be upon him) but never cared to follow his ways of life and his teachings. For these reasons their lives remained incomplete and their behaviour no better than those of heretics and apostates.

محبت کا جنوں باقی نہیں ہے
مسلمانوں میں خوں باقی نہیں ہے
صفیں کج ، دل پریشاں ، سجدہ بے ذوق
کہ جذبِ اندروں باقی نہیں ہے
رگوں میں وہ لہو باقی نہیں ہے
وہ دل وہ آرزو باقی نہیں ہے
نماز و روزہ و قربانی و حج
یہ سب باقی ہیں تو باقی نہیں ہے

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 134.

That frenzy of love no longer exists,
Muslims, your energy is depleted and you are weak,
Your rows are curved, hearts distressed and prayers fervourless,
Because you have lost your inner faith,
The same fiery blood does not course in your veins,
You have lost that heart full of yearnings,
Prayers, sacrifices, fasts and Haj are there,
But the true Muslim is gone.[1]

These conditions existed because of the apathy of those who professed Islam but showed scant regard for the true spirit of Islam. The panacea for all these evils was a resuscitation and revival of Islamic spirit. Muslims had to be revitalised and taught to inculcate a dynamic attitude towards life and religion. If the Muslims continued to profess verbal allegiance to their faith and did not put it into actual practice there could be no betterment.

زائرانِ کعبہ سے اقبال یہ پوچھے کوئی
کیا حرم کا تحفہ زمزم کے سوا کچھ بھی نہیں

Iqbal. This question should be put to pilgrims back from Ka'ba,
Was there no other gift from the Holy Places except Zam Zam Water.[2]

This resuscitation and revitalisation was not an easy affair because it meant a total change in outlook upon life and a weaning from the alluring charms of Western ways of life. Muslims were great in the not remote past but they had fallen and Iqbal grieved over their fall. Would they once again recapture their lost glory or they were doomed to lead an ignomi-

1. *Bal-e-Jabril*, pp. 16, 17.
2. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 135.

nious life for ever. The entire Muslim world presented a grey and gloomy picture but there were some indications that a revival of Islam was in the offing. However this revivalist movement could gather momentum and be successful only if the Muslims all over the world gave up their decadent attitude towards life and adopted a more realistic and dynamic approach.

حوصلے وہ نہ رہے ، ہم نہ رہے ، دل نہ رہا
گھر یہ اجڑا ہے کہ تو رونقِ محفل نہ رہا

We do not have the same courage, we are not what we were,
The ruin of this house is due to Your absence.[1]

وائے ناکامی متاعِ کارواں جاتا رہا
اور کارواں کے دل سے احساسِ زیاں جاتا رہا

O' the pity of it. The caravan lost its most precious items,
What is more damaging, the caravan is not conscious of this loss.[2]

It is damaging to lose something; but it is worse not to realise the after effects of that loss. Muslims had lost their past glory and grandeur. They had touched the nadir of their fortunes and had become slaves of others. They had fallen prey to the worst form of exploitation—economic, political, social and cultural. The only ray of hope emanated from their pride in their past grandeur and consciousness of their present decadence; but Iqbal felt grieved when he noticed that quite a sizeable section of his compatriots aquiesced in their existing condition and

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 169.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 187.

were happy and satisfied with emulating the ways of their masters.

تیرے صوفے ہیں افرنگی   تیرے قالیں ہیں ایرانی
لہو مجھ کو رلاتی ہے   جوانوں کی تن آسانی

You procure your sofas from England, rugs from Iran,
I shed bitter tears over the new generation's love for ease.[1]

The younger generation appeared to have made a compromise with the decadence and degeneration which prevailed in the Muslim world. It was intolerable that followers of the best and most perfect religion were leading the worst and the most depraved life.

نوجوانان تشنہ لب خالی ایاغ
شستہ رو ، تاریک جاں ، روشن دماغ

The young have dry lips and empty cups,
Their faces are clean, they have enlightened minds but barren souls.[2]

It was the poignancy of this realisation and desire for revivalist change that made Iqbal say:

جوانوں کو سوزِ جگر بخش دے   مرا عشق میری نظر بخش دے
مری ناؤ گرداب سے پار کر   یہ ثابت ہے تو اسے سیار کر
مرے دیدۂ تر کی بے خوابیاں   مرے دل کی پوشیدہ بے تابیاں
مرے نالۂ نیم شب کا نیاز   میری خلوت و انجمن کا گداز
امنگیں مری آرزوئیں مری   امیدیں مری جستجوئیں مری
مرا دل مری رزم گاہ   گمانوں کے لشکر یقیں کا ثبات
یہی کچھ ہے ساقی متاع فقیر   اسی سے فقیری میں ہوں میں امیر
مرے قافلے میں لٹا دے اسے   لٹا دے ٹھکانے لگا دے اسے

1. *Bal-e-Jabril*, p. 23.
2. *Javed-Nama*, p. 237.

O' God, Give to the young my yearnings, my love and my vision,
Boat of my life is stuck in a whirl-pool, O' God, activate it,
Give them the sleeplessness of my tear wet eyes and secret turmoil of my heart,
Give them the sincerity of my late night wailings and sympathy that I feel when alone or in company,
Give them my yearnings, my desires, my hopes and all that I quest,
My heart is the battlefield of warring doubts and faith,
This is all that poor me has and these make me rich in destitution,
Scatter all these among my caravan members and this is my aim.[1]

These verses are a potent message and an exhortation to the youth to come out and through faith and action change the destinies of the Muslim world. They should give up blind imitation of the West and instead turn to the Quran and life of the Prophet for inspiration and guidance. The general trend to emulate the Western way of life was tantamount to courting disaster and extinction. The West was Godless and had fallen a prey to the Devil. Iqbal makes the fifth disciple of Satan say,

مرے آقا وہ جہاں زیر و زبر ہونے کو ہے
جس جہاں کا ہے فقط تیری سیاست پر مدار

That world would soon turn topsyturvy which draws inspiration from your politics.[2]

This was sound advice to escape impending disaster, because Western civilisation was entirely materialistic and atheistic. Instead of blind worship and

1. *Bal-e-Jabril*, p. 24.
2. *Armaghan-e-Hejaz*, p. 30.

emulation of Western social order the Muslims should go for inspiration and guidance to the precepts of the Quran and the blessed life of the Holy Prophet. The forces of evil and sin feared nothing so much as the resuscitation and revival of the Islamic way of life. Iblis (Satan) says to his advisers :

عصرِ حاضر کے تقاضوں سے ہے لیکن یہ خوف
ہو جائے نہ آشکارا شرعِ پیغمبر کہیں
الحذر آئینِ پیغمبر سو بار الحذر
حافظِ ناموسِ زن ، مرد آزما ، مرد آفریں

What I fear is that the demands of the present,
May not once again reveal and activate the teachings of the Prophet,
O beware of the teachings of the Prophet, beware,
He teaches how to protect the honour of women, tests men and motivates them.[1]

Iblis (Satan) winds up his oration :

ہر نفس ڈرتا ہوں اس امت کی بیداری سے میں
ہے حقیقت جس کے دیں کی احتسابِ کائنات
مست رکھو ذکر و فکرِ صبح گاہی میں اسے
پختہ تر کر دو مزاجِ خانقاہی میں اسے

Every moment I am apprehensive of the awakening of this group,
The religion of this group comprises analytic study of all creation,
Keep them busy in debates and researches and sophistry,
Confirm his temperamental inclinations towards grave worship.[2]

It was no consolation for Iqbal that Islam was the most perfect religion and Quran a complete code for

1. *Armaghan-e-Hejaz*, p. 30.
2. *Ibid*.

life. It was rather painful that with all this guidance at their disposal Muslims led a depraved life and their social order was not only a mimicry of the West it was a decadent social set up. They had before them guidance provided by the exemplary life of the Prophet yet they remained lost in the morass of un-faith and un-activity. They had lost all sense of self-respect and personal identity and were entirely unconscious and forgetful of degradation and decadence which had over-taken them. They had become like a rudderless ship drifting on the vast ocean of life. His contemplations and meditations made him sad because he felt that, perhaps, he was the only person in the Muslim world who realised the misery and wretchedness that held sway in the lands of the Believers. He closes the *Javed Nama* with a verse the poignancy and subtle yearning expressed therein cannot be overlooked.

سرِّ دینِ مصطفیٰ گویم ترا   ہم بہ قبر اندر دعا گویم ترا

I interpret to you the spirit of the religion of the chosen,
I will keep praying for you even in the grave.[1]

ذرا دیکھ اُس کو جو کچھ ہو رہا ہے ہونے والا ہے
دھرا کیا ہے بھلا عہدِ کہن کی داستانوں میں

Attend to what is happening and what is yet to happen,
You stand to gain nothing by repeating past stories.[2]

دیا رونا مجھے ایسا کہ سب کچھ دے دیا گویا
لکھا کلکِ ازل نے مجھ کو تیرے نوحہ خوانوں میں

By conferring on me the duty to grieve for you, fates gave me all,

1. *Javed Nama*, p. 246.
2. *Bang-a-Dara*, p. 70.

The pen of destiny wrote in my lot to be your mourner.[1]

Realisation of decay and ruin that prevailed all around him gave birth to a feeling of loneliness and isolation. He felt that he alone was conscious of what was happening while others were so engrossed in the joys and material pleasures provided by the new civilisation that they remained blind to the devastating influences which were bent upon destroying faith and religion.

تو اے پروانہ! ایں گرمی ز شمع محفل داری
چوں من در آتشِ خود سوز اگر سوزے دلے داری

O' moth you get this heat from the candle that burns in the gathering,
Have your own heat like me if you claim to have a sensitive heart.[2]

ریاضِ دہر میں نا آشنائے بزمِ عشرت ہوں
خوشی روتی ہے جس کو میں وہ محرومِ مسرت ہوں

In this garden of life I am one who is deprived of joys and pleasures,
I am that sorrow-stricken figure over which joy weeps and mourns.[3]

One of the major causes of this sense of loneliness and meditative pensiveness was decadence of the Muslims and their loss of faith.

یا مسلماں را مدہ فرماں کہ جاں بر کف بنہ
یا دریں فرسودہ پیکر تازہ جانے آفریں
یا چناں کن یا چنیں

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 70.
2. *Ibid.* p. 225.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 69.

یا بکش در سینۂ من آرزوئے انقلاب
یا دگر گوں کن نہادِ ایں زماں و ایں زمیں
یا چناں کن یا چنیں

Do not order the believers to carry their lives on their palms,
Either instil a new spirit into these time wrecked bodies,
Or do the one or the other,
Either destroy the yearnings in our hearts for a revolution,
Or completely over-haul and change this time and space,
Either do this one or the other.[1]

Fully conscious of the important role played by material prosperity and physical well-being in the realisation of aims and purposes of life Iqbal could not forget that man does not live by bread alone. There are other and superior demands of life. The prosperity of any group of people cannot be determined merely by taking into account the size of their war-machine, the number of bridges they have built, the multi-storeyed buildings constructed by them, their gold reserves, their atomic reactor and reprocessing plants, their iron foundries and Textile Mills or the number of people who make up that group. Something, beyond these, has to be taken into account. Their respect for religion and faith, the moral values that prevail, their respect and regard for the rights of others are perhaps more vital and must be taken into account. Concrete values and abstract values must exist side by side and complement each other because their cohesion is the primary source which makes people great. Mere knowledge might bring wars and holocausts.

1. *Zabur-e-Ajam*, pp. 34, 35.

اے مسلماناں فغاں از فتنہ ہائے علم و فن
اہرمن اندر جہاں ارزان و یزداں دیر یاب
انقلاب ، انقلاب ، انقلاب

O Muslims ! Beware of the guiles of science and knowledge,
Devil is easy to have and God is revealed so late,
Revolution, Revolution—Revolution.[1]

بے یقیں را رعشا با اندر دل است　　نقش نو آوردن او رامشکل است

The faithless one bears a palsied heart,
He is incapable of blazoning a new path of life.[2]

The unfavourable environment was detrimental to the development of the human self and retarded the growth of the Ego. The prevailing conditions had to be modified and improved to enable the Ego to attain that perfect state of which there is every possibility because man is the acme of all creation. This search for an ideal state was not in any way an effort to escape from the factual realities of life. Iqbal's philosophy of life is based on an acute realisation of the actualities which are firm and undeniable in their existence. Iqbal was never an escapist. He never dreamt of magic casement opening on the banks of oceans unknown. He fully understood the implications of the past, the importance of the present and realised the significance of the future. Ushering of a new order was not easy because ultimate truth and beauty were so elusive and difficult to attain but he believed in a far reaching vision of truth and beauty.

چوں نظر قرار گیرد بہ نگارِ خوبروئے
تپد آں زماں دل من پئے خوبتر نگارے

1. *Zabur-e-Ajam*, p. 135.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 255.

As my eyes feast on one beauty,
My heart burns for a better one.[1]

The Ego in spite of its finitude is ever restless and demanding for that perfection which is the precondition for successful living in this world and attainment of blessedness in the next world. It is this intense yearning for the 'ideal' which breeds that mood of pensive meditation which heightens the poetic impact of Iqbal's poetry. What it amounts to is a demonstration that man does not live only in the immediate present and is the sum of all that he has experienced or may experience in the future. Any moment some chance perception may call up levels of experience which are associated with the past or projected into the future. This prophetic note is an integral part of Iqbal's message—fears and trepidations are there but the silver lining glistens beyond the visible horizon.

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 127.

Chapter VI

THE IMMORTAL SPIRIT'S ETERNAL QUEST (KNOWLEDGE AND INTUITION)

زندگانی را بقا از مدعا ست   کاروانش را درا از مدعا ست
زندگی در جستجو پوشیده است   اصل او در آرزو پوشیده است
آرزو را در دلِ خود زنده دار   تا نہ گردد مشتِ خاک تو غبار
آرزو صیدِ مقاصد را کمند   دفتر افعال را شیرازه بند
طاقتِ پرواز بخشد خاک را   خضر باشد موسیِ ادراک را
زندگی سرمایه دار از آرزوست   عقل از زادگانِ بطن اوست
ما ز تخلیقِ مقاصد زنده ایم   از شعاعِ آرزو تابنده ایم

Purpose and aim preserve life,
The bells of the caravan tinkle because it has a goal,
The secret of life is eternal quest,
Its origin is secreted in the folds of desire,
Keep desire alive in your heart,
Lest your handful of earth turn into dust,
Yearning is the noose that captures ideals,
It is the binder of the record of our deeds,
It lends dust the power of flight,
For the Moses of Perception it is the eternal guide—Khizr,
Yearning constitutes the inherent wealth of life,
Intellect is the off-spring of its womb,
We are alive through the creation of ideals,
We are brightened by the light of the ray of desires.[1]

The above verses give expression to some of the

1. *Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 16-18.

ideals for which Iqbal yearns and wishes that humanity might adopt these and strive to attain them. A sublime vision of greatness, an intense desire for perfectibility and search for intellectual knowledge perfected by intuition are sources which bring about perfection and progress of the human self. Iqbal is a philosopher as well as a poet. He is the poet of Nature as well as Man and Life and was fully conscious of the respective values of both the actual and the ideal and their basic significance vis-a-vis the human self. He knew that man was accountable for his acts of commission as well as omission in this world though he had no apparent control over the forces that motivated the Universe. The mundane but complex realities of life wove round him a web during his stay in this terrestrial world and made him forgetful of those equally important demands of the soul which wrongly appeared to him less important and less pressing. To the human mind temporal experiences are more easily understandable because of their proximity and their close and intimate connexion with the world of experience; but the world of the spirit appears remorter because its experiences are not explainable by the intellect. The human mind being finite his contact with the world of objective realities and subjective actualities of spiritual life is, generally, not equally intimate and detailed.

It would be an immense assumption if we admitted the infinitude of the human mind because there is nothing in the history of humanity, nothing in our present experience, to justify such an assumption. Rather we have everywhere this evidence that the

human intellect and reason are finite. The general law of human rational approach reads—'Thus far and no further'. The world beyond is not approachable through intellect (reason). If we are denied the light of religion and faith we begin to believe in stoical scepticism or uncompromising supernaturalism—either we become sports of chance or children of God. The problem, however, persists how to reconcile the prescience of God with the accountability of man. Either God is prescient and in following his behests is our peace, or man is accountable to his own conscience and has no need of a God. This is an unenviable position but the atheistic trends have brought European thought to this position. The world of objective realities has to be reconciled with the world of the spirit because a cohesion of both is essential for the evolution of man. These realities are complementary and loss of any one of these leads to extinction and annihilation. Iqbal makes this point quite clear in his Lectures, "Such a being as man who has to maintain his life in an obstructing environment cannot afford to ignore the visible. The Quran opens our eyes to the great fact of change, through the appreciation and control of which alone it is possible to build a durable civilisation." (p. 14).

"Apart from this, religion on its doctrinal side, as defined by Professor Whitehead, is 'a system of general truths which have the effect of transforming character when they are sincerely held and vividly apprehended.' Now, since the transformation and guidance of man's inner and out life is the essential aim of religion, it is obvious that the general truths which it

embodies must not remain unsettled. No one would hazard action on the basis of a doubtful principle of conduct. Indeed, in view of its function, religion stands in greater need of a rational foundation of its ultimate principles than even dogmas of science. Religion can hardly afford to ignore the search for a reconciliation of the oppositions of experience and a justification of the environment in which humanity finds itself. . . . . That is why Professor Whitehead has actually remarked that "the ages of faith are the ages of rationalism." . . . . . Nor is there reason to suppose that thought and intuition are essentially opposed to each other. They spring from the same root and complement each other'." Lectures, p. 2.

"The search for rational foundations in Islam may be regarded to have begun with the Prophet himself. His constant prayer was : 'God ! grant me knowledge of the ultimate nature of things'." Lectures, p. 3.

Man's quest for knowledge is insatiable and as the bounds of his knowledge widen new vistas open out before him and the search for more knowledge is a perennial and never ceasing process. Knowledge of physical world—the world of objective realities in which we live—comes to us through our sensory perceptions ; but this knowledge is almost always acquired piece-meal. These sensory perceptions depend upon our intellectual capabilities which through analytical experiments and by observing particular sequence of cause and effect arrive at theoretical data. Scientific truth is always hypothetical and subject to change and amendment in the course of time as more and more knowledge is gained. The world of spirit

comprises metaphysical truths which are beyond the reach of our intellect and sensory perceptions. This knowledge comes to us through intuition or direct perception – revelation. This revelation is complete and the whole truth discovers itself to our inner powers in a flash. Rational knowledge arrived at by the intellect is fallible while metaphysical knowledge arrived at intuitively is infallible. The two means of securing knowledge function side by side, each has its own specific sphere and purpose and both help man to adjust himself to life and make progress—both material and spiritual. The Western way of life turned out to be failure because they relied upon cold reason and experimental sciences but ignored intuition and metaphysical truths. The result was lust for physical power, the worst type of exploitation of man, dissatisfaction with life and total frustration. This materialistic socio-political order generated two World Wars which brought in their wake devastation and bloodshed. This blind lust for power may trigger off another holocaust which may explode the whole world. The East fared no better, they relied on intuition and metaphysics and denied empirical knowledge, its due importance and became impoverished materially and passed under the tutelage of more advanced and more powerful Western powers. Intellect (خبر) and intuition (نظر . عشق) should be made to work in collaboration and thus enable humanity to achieve an integrated and balanced way of life. It is in an age of faith that rational thinking and scientific knowledge can serve humanity best. "The Quran opens our eyes to the great facts of change, through the appreciation

and control of which alone it is possible to build a durable civilisation. The cultures of Asia, in fact, of the whole ancient world failed, because they approached reality exclusively from within and moved from within outwards. This procedure gave them theory without power, and on mere theory no durable civilisation can be based." Lectures, pp. 14, 15.

خرد سے راہرو روشن بصر ہے   خرد کیا ہے؟ چراغِ راہگذر ہے
درونِ خانہ ہنگامے ہیں کیا کیا   چراغِ راہگذر کو کیا خبر ہے

Intellect is the source of light which blazons the path for the way-farer,
What is intellect ? It is a lamp that lights the way,
What commotions and tumults reign inside the house,
The street-light has no idea of these.[1]

What matters is a balanced approach to the multitudinous problems of life—temporal as well as spiritual. The intellect and intuition—mind and heart—نظر و خبر should play their due share. Intellect and Heart (عقل و دل), a poem included in *Bang-e-Dara* though a poem of the early period, expresses emphatically the significance of the roles played by intellect and intuition in the development of the human self.

عقل نے ایک دن یہ دل سے کہا   بھولے بھٹکے کی رہنما ہوں میں
ہوں زمیں پر گذر فلک پر مرا   دیکھ تو کس قدر رسا ہوں میں
ہوں مفسر کتابِ ہستی کی   مظہرِ شانِ کبریا ہوں میں
دل نے سن کے کہا یہ سب سچ ہے   پر مجھے بھی دیکھ کیا ہوں میں
راز ہستی کو تو سمجھتی ہے   اور آنکھوں سے دیکھتا ہوں میں
ہے تجھے واسطہ مظاہر سے   اور باطن سے آشنا ہوں میں

1. *Bal-e-Jabril*, p. 16.

علم کی انتہا ہے بے تابی   اس مرض کی دوا ہوں میں

Intellect said to heart one day, "I am guide to the lost."
"I am on the earth but I traverse the heavens, just note my reach."
"I interpret the book of life and reveal the glory of Almighty"
The heart heard all this and said, "All that you say is correct but realise my importance as well."
"You understand the secrets of life but I see them with my own eyes"
"You are concerned with form while I decipher inner secrets"
"Knowledge brings discontent while I cure this malady."[1]

The empirical attitude is essential and indispensable because our life is indissolubly bound up with the world of objective realities and we are deeply influenced by enviornmental conditions. Knowledge is power and science is the main source of securing it, experimental research is a stepping stone towards the realisation of a frame of mind conducive to intuitive understanding of matters pertaining to the human self and life. Iqbal says in his Lectures "The heart is a kind of inner intuition or insight which, in the beautiful words of Rumi, feeds on the rays of the sun and brings us into contact with aspects of reality other than those open to sense perception. It is according to the Quran, something which "sees" and its reports if properly interpreted, are never false. We must not, however, regard it as a mysterious special faculty; it is rather a mode of dealing with Reality in which sensation, in the physiological sense of the word, does not play any part. Yet the vistas of experi-

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 41, 42.

ence thus opened to us are as real and concrete as any other experience. To describe it as psychic, mystical or supernatural does not detract from its value as experience." p. 15. This does not mean that Iqbal denied the significant importance of scientific knowledge gained through analytic experiments. In his Lectures and Poems he again and again refers to this dual pursuit of knowledge and emphasises that both are equally important and one complements the other. Without a balanced and proportionately integrated search for knowledge—temporal as well as spiritual—there is no hope for salvation of humanity.

قوتِ مغرب نہ از چنگ و رباب   نہ ز رقصِ دخترانِ بے حجاب
قوتِ افرنگ از علم و فن است   از ہمیں آتش چراغش روشن است
گر کسے شبہا خورد دودِ چراغ   گیرد از علم و فن و حکمت سراغ
سہل جستن در ایں دیرِ کہن   ایں دلیل آنکہ جاں رفت از بدن

The advance and progress of the West is not due to the lyre or guitar,
Nor due to the semi-naked dances of their maidens.
The power of West comes from their conquest of science and knowledge,
This is the fire that keeps their lamp alight,
One who burns the midnight oil,
Learns the source of knowledge and learning,
In this aged world search for ease and comfort,
Leads to the loss of life.[1]

These words are uttered by Ahmad Shah Abdali and the basic import of the verses is quite evident. There are two major aspects of knowledge—physical and spiritual. The world of physical realities reveals

1. *Javed-Nama*, pp. 209, 210.

itself to man through intellectual effort and this advance in the field of rational knowledge prepares him for the conquest of the world of spirit through intuitional approach. Nature—the world of objective realities constitutes environment which is a factor essential for the development and progress of the Ego. As far as priorities are concerned Iqbal gives priority to intuition (نظر - عشق) over intellect (خبر) because he noted with trepidation those trends in modern civilisation which gave an exaggerated importance to experimental knowledge. Social, political, economic and cultural patterns were overwhelmed by triumphant materialism projected by the unprecedented achievements of science. These trends of thought blurred man's vision towards moral and ethical values. Intuition was sacrificed at the altar of intellect, Iqbal realised the dangers inherent in the existing conditions and made valiant efforts to negate this crucifiction. Purely intellectual and rational outlook towards life had to be checked because if this attitude of mind was allowed to go unfettered it would shatter the flow and continuity of forces that constituted life.

به چشم عشق نگر تا سراغ او گیری
جهان به چشم خرد سیمیا و نیرنگ است

Observe the Universe with eyes of love and its secrets would be revealed,
If you look with eyes of intellect reality becomes obscured.[1]

In a letter which Iqbal wrote to K. G. Saidain he said that by the word Knowledge (علم) he meant all

1. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 151.

knowledge which is acquired through sense perceptions. According to him all such knowledge has to be purified and chastened through religion because without religion scientific knowledge become demonaic. The knowledge of truth first comes through our sensory organs and then through intuition. Knowledge of which consciousness or intellect are not the sources and which in its final stages is true knowledge comes through 'Love' (نظر).

علمِ حق اول حواس آخر حضور
آخرِ او می نہ گنجد در شعور

The knowledge of truth first comes through the senses and finally through intuition,
Its final stages cannot be encompassed by the intellect and consciousness of man.[1]

علمِ بے عشق است از طاغوتیان
علمِ با عشق است از لاہوتیان

Intellect without Love is a rebel like Satan,
Intellect with Love is from among the Divinities,[2]

When analytic reason and discerning intellect combine and work in unison they become the greatest power on earth and from them emanates a life giving and creative glow which enriches the life of the individual as well as society.

عقلِ خودبیں غافل از بہبودِ غیر
سودِ خود بیند نہ بیند سودِ غیر

Self centred intellect does not care for the welfare of others,

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 238.
2. *Ibid.*

If cares for its own good and is impervious to the good of others.[1]

گفت حکمت را خدا خیرِ کثیر   ہر کجا این خیر را بینی بگیر
علم را بر اوجِ افلاک است رہ   تا چشمِ مہر بر کندہ نگہ
علم را بے سوزِ دل خوانی سراست   نور او تاریکئی بحر و بر است

God said, "Knowledge and wisdom are a great blessing"
"Wherever you find this blessing have it."
"Knowledge courses the heavens"
"So that it may secure light from the sun's eye"
"But knowledge without love is demonaic"
"Its light is blacker than all darkness of land or sea"[2]

مقصود اگر باشد نظر   می شود ہم جادہ و ہم راہبر
علم تفسیرِ جہانِ رنگ و بو   دیدہ و دل پرورش گیرد ازو

If the aim of knowledge is acquisition of intuitive perception,
Knowledge is then both the way and the guide,
Knowledge interprets the objective realities of life,
The eye and heart secure sustenance from this knowledge.[3]

علم از تحقیق لذت می برد   عشق از تخلیق لذت می برد

Intellectual knowledge relishes research,
Love and intuitive knowledge relish creativity,[4]

علم تا از عشق بر خوردار نیست   جز تما شا خانہ افکار نیست

Knowledge not purified and blessed by Love,
Is no better than a panoramic display of ideas.

It is the happy fusion of experimental knowledge gained through the intellect (علم و خبر) and intuitive knowledge gained through revelation (عشق نظر) which

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 78.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 82.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 222.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 77.

leads to progress and perfection. If these become divorced from each other and each works separately on its own set lines the results are disastrous. The Western as well as Eastern nations both suffered ruin and destruction because they failed to maintain a proper equilibrium of physical knowledge and spiritual knowledge. The Western nations concentrated on the acquisition of material knowledge and scientific techniques and they made phenomenal progress in bringing the powers of nature within the control of man. They succeeded in achieving high rate of production with a phenomenal low birth rate and the living standard registered a corresponding upward trend, but they paid scant regard to religious and moral values and the result was the creation of a socio-political order in which there was plenty of wealth yet groups of people became subjected to the worst form of exploitation by the other groups and human rights were ruthlessly violated. The result was that Europe and America became involved in two World Wars of a magnitude unparalleled in the history of mankind. The after effects of these wars were economic ruin, inflation and slumps in trade which brought about unemployment, poverty and disease. The common man felt frustrated and insecure. A haunting fear of a third repetition of the two previous holocausts became the white man's burden.

The Eastern nations went the other way. They evinced an allergic distaste for intellect and turned away from all experimental knowledge (علم و خبر). The pseudo-mysticism and nihilism advocated by a group of sophists became the popular cult. This shattered

their economy and made them politically weak and by the end of the previous century most Asiatic nations passed under the politico-economic tutelage of Western powers. Iqbal made a close study of conditions as they prevailed in Europe and Asia and the conclusions arrived at by him were realistic and based on actual fact. The cure for these political, social and economic ills lay in a revival of the Islamic way of life and application of injunctions laid down in the Quran and the Sunnah. The ills were complex but the panacea was simple and easily practicable. No people could survive without experimental knowledge and in the same way society which ignored intuition—moral and ethical values—was doomed to extinction. Intuition and intellect must be wedded and both should contribute their due share for the harmonious development of life. Iqbal made Rumi say :

مشرق حق را دید و عالم را ندید   غرب در عالم خزید از حق رمید

The East perceived God but ignored physical realities,
The West became engrossed in the world and fled from God.[1]

ترسم که توی رانی زورق بسراب اندر
زادی بحجاب اندر میری بحجاب اندر
چون سرمهٔ رازی را از دیده فروشتم
تقدیرِ امم دیدم پنهاں بہ کتاب اندر

I am afraid you are sailing your boat in a mirage,
Your birth remains a secret and so does your death,
As I washed off the collyrium of Razi from eyes,
I deciphered the secrets of nations in the Holy Book.[2]

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 43.
2. *Ibid.*

It is Love—نظر—Vision—that leads to the concentration of human powers and lends them that intensity which enables the Ego to wage the struggle for resurrection. Intellect—خبر—knowledge of environment—provides material power and know-how; but by itself is not enough and when blindly followed leads man astray.

غربیان را زیرکی سازِ حیات — شرقیان را عشق رازِ کائنات
زیرکی از عشق گردد حق شناس — کارِ عشق ار زیرکی محکم اساس
عشق چون با زیرکی همبر شود — نقش بندِ عالم دیگر شود
خیز و نقشِ عالمِ دیگر بنه — عشق را با زیرکی آمیز ده
شعلهٔ افرنگیان نم خورده است — چشم شان صاحب نظر دل مرده است
زخمها خوردند از شمشیرِ خویش — بسمل افتادند چون نخچیرِ خویش

For the people of West Intellect sets the music of life,
For the people of East Love constitutes the secret of life,
It is through Love that knowledge realises Truth,
Through knowledge foundations of Love become firm.
If Love and Intellect cooperate,
They shape the plans of a new world,
Arise ! and prepare the sketch of a new world,
Combine your love with intellect,
The fire of the West is dying,
They have discerning eyes but lifeless hearts,
They have received wounds from their own swords,
They are half dead, a prey to their own weapons.[1]

Looked upon in its historic perspective the decadence of the Roman-Catholic Church gave an impetus to the development of a materialistic civilisation in Europe and America. As the decadence of the church increased the tempo of scientific research became

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 71.

greater. People in these countries embraced analytical approach to life because they found religion an empty creed incapable of resolving their doubts and trepidations. The depraved lives of Roman Catholic clergy and prelates in contradiction to their avowal of monastic way of life produced in the minds of the common man a deep hatred and keen disgust towards the established church. They realised that religion was a big fraud. The Inquisition and religious courts imposed a ban on free thinking, scientific research and philosophy came in for harsh denunciation from the pulpit and thinkers were brutally tortured and punished. This further deepened and widened the gulf between the church and humanity at large.

Lutherism and Calvinistic church introduced some healthy reforms in religion but even this reformed church did not succeed in making Christianity popular with the result that by the beginning of the nineteenth century free thinking prevailed all over Europe and Christianity lost its hold on the people. It was but natural that the gap thus created should be filled in by intellectual and scientific values. A new social order came into being in which all religious and moral values were relegated to the back-yard or maintained merely as a show piece.

Iqbal made a critical and discriminate study of all these factors. He had great admiration for the progress made by Europe and America in the scientific field and technology. These intellectual advances made by Western nations could be properly conditioned by the teachings of the Quran and could usher in a new socio-economic order which would be con-

ducive to the social, economic and moral welfare of humanity.

علم میں دولت بھی ہے قدرت بھی ہے لذت بھی ہے
ایک مشکل ہے کہ ہاتھ آتا نہیں اپنا سراغ

Knowledge is the source of power, wealth and pleasure,
There is one drawback we lose our ownself.[1]

محاورۂ علم و عشق Dialogue between Love and Knowledge.

Knowledge (علم)

نگاہم راز دارِ ہفت و چار است   گرفتارِ کمندم روزگار است
جہاں بینم بایں سو باز کردند   مرا آنسوئے گردوں چہ کار است
چکد صد نغمہ از سازے کہ دارم   ببازار افگنم رازے کہ دارم

No secret in the four corners of world remains hidden
 from my eyes,
All creation is a captive of my noose,
My eyes are focussed on this world,
I have no interest in the other world,
The instruments I have produce a hundred tunes,
The knowledge that I have I give to the world.[2]

Love (عشق)

ز افسونِ تو دریا شعلہ زار است   ہوا آتش گذار و زہر دار است
چو با من یار بودی نور بودی   بریدی از من و نورِ تو نار است
بخلوت خانۂ لاہوت زادی   و لیکن در نخِ شیطان فتادی

Your magic has set on fire the waters of rivers,
You have polluted the air and it burns like fire,
When you joined hands with me you were a source of light,
You cut off your connection with me and your light singes,
Originally your birth was divine and holy,
But you have become a captive of Satan's noose.[3]

1. *Zarb-e-Kalim*, p. 12.
2. *Pyam-e-Mashriq*, p. 97.
3. *Ibid.*

Chapter VII

SOCIETAL CONDITIONS AND THE HUMAN SELF

از رسالت در جہاں تکوینِ ما
از رسالت دینِ ما ایمانِ ما
اندر رسالت صد ہزارِ ما یک است
جزوِ ما از جزوِ ما لاینفک است

The source of our organisation is the Prophet,
From him emanate our religion and our laws,
He unites us all who are millions in number,
Our units become inseparable parts of the whole.[1]

"According to T. S. Eliot neither Shakespeare nor Dante did any real thinking. One may grant Boas that the intellectual content of most poetry (and he seems to be thinking chiefly of lyrical poetry) is usually much exaggerated. If we analyse many famous poems admired for their philosophy, we frequently discover mere common places concerning man's mortality or the uncertainty of faith. The oracular sayings of Victorian poets such as Browning, which have struck many readers as revelatory, often turn out mere portable versions of primeval truths. Even we seem to be able to carry away some general propositions such as Keats' "Beauty is truth, truth Beauty", we are left to make what we

1. *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi*, p. 116.

can of these conversible propositions, unless we see them as the conclusions of a poem which has to do with illustrating the permanence of art and the im-permanence of human emotions and natural beauty. The reduction of a work of art to a doctrinal statement—or, even worse, the isolation of passages—is disastrous to understanding the uniqueness of a work: it disintegrates its structure and imposes alien criteria of value" (*Theory of Literature*—Rene Welk/Austin Warren).

The task of interpreting the ideas of any poet has inherent difficulties peculiar to its own field. The ideas of a poet are enshrined in his poetry and if passages are separated from their references their meanings often become distorted and this leads to wrong explanation and interpretations. Iqbal is one of the greatest poets and thinkers of the present century and great care has to be taken to evaluate his philosophical thought and its practical implications. The thought content of his poetry is so vast and versatile and when it is combined with his lectures, essays and speeches the reader feels that he has to deal with ideas which are unique in their magnitude as well as comprehensiveness.

The course and direction of the poet's mental, moral and spiritual development is powerfully and irresistibly influenced and moulded by the political, economic, cultural and religious conditions which hold sway in the society in which he is born, brought up and educated and in which he works. The values that govern his life and from which emanate his trends of thought are also the outcome of these social, political, economic and cultural conditions. These conditions may be entirely

materialistic as we find in Western society, they may be entirely spiritual—pseudo or real—as they subsisted in Asia three decades back or they may be a happy fusion of both. Man's spiritual needs are undeniable and without moral and ethical concepts life is empty. There is a lot of truth in the maxim that 'man does not live by bread alone', yet the converse is as much true and as much applicable that man cannot live without bread. The human self can develop and prosper only when his basic needs are properly and adequately supplied. He must have enough food to fill his belly, and of a quality that nourishes his body and to a reasonable extent satisfies his taste. He must have sufficient clothing to cover his nakedness, good enough to protect him from heat and cold and if possible fulfil his desire for decoration. He must also have a decent house to live in where he is safe from the inclemencies of weather, wind, heat and cold and where-in he felt secure from external molestation and interference. These are basic and primary adjuncts of life and their absence retards the growth of the Ego.

These are basic physical demands and the need for these is not only pressing but universal, however, man is such a unique creation that satisfaction of mere material needs is not enough. If ethical and moral values are neglected man becomes a brute. His outlook upon life becomes perverted and selfish. A study of Iqbal's writings—poetry and prose—leaves no doubt as to what kind of society he cherished. He hankered for a society in which the individual would be able to develop his personality to its full capacity and his ego would evolve and attain perfection. He made an analy-

tical study of societal conditions as they prevailed in the West as well as the East and was not satisfied with either because of their shortcomings and imperfections.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century democratic concepts found credence with the people of Europe and America and there was a sharp and vehement denunciation of the time-honoured idea of Kingship through Divine Right. By the middle of nineteenth century vast areas of Asia and Africa had passed into the political dominance of Europe and the concepts of democracy as it evolved in Western countries found their way directly or indirectly into political thought of countries of Asia and Africa. The spread of English language played a vital role in the popularisation of these ideas. The birth and subsequent growth of democratic ideals in Europe and America were in fact the outcome of certain historical processes. The generally accepted concept of democracy and about which there are no two opinions is one enunciated by Abraham Lincoln. "The government of the people, by the people, for the people". In its ideal form democratic government precludes the vesting of supreme power—legislative, executive or judicial—in the hands of people with vested interests, such as, land-owners, industrialists, capitalists or traders. All power resides with the freely elected representatives of the people who are expected to be selfless and enlightened enough to exercise this power justly and in the interest of the common good and welfare of the people. The first step towards democratic government was taken in England but in its initial stages the common man had no hand in it. The effort originated in the tussle for power

between the power-hungry king and his over-powerful nobles. The big land-owners—the lords—succeeded in wrenching power from the king and made John the Luckless sign the Magna Carta which was hailed as the Charter of human rights. In reality it was neither a charter nor did it guarantee any human rights. The king under duress delegated some powers to the House of Lords. The lords used this power for their own benefit and to the detriment of the interests of the peasants and the common man. The House of Lords became the supreme law making, law interpreting and law enforcing body in the country. This state of affairs continued till the middle of the nineteenth century when there came another change. The Industrial Revolution brought into being big industrial magnates and multi-millionaire business-men. These tycoons wanted political power. They made an indirect approach and cleverly manipulated elections to the Parliament and with the help of their wealth succeeded in their aim. They were returned to the House of Commons and once again in the name of the common man began to divest the House of Lords of its political powers and by the beginning of the twentieth century all political power was taken away from the king and the House of Lords and became vested in the House of Commons. The gullible common man was once again befooled and told that the House of Commons was a body that represented him and would look after his good and welfare. The facts were quite otherwise, elections were rigged, major political parties were maintained by the money provided by the rich industrialists and business magnates. This cannot be said to be real

democracy in which each man had the right to govern himself. It did not fulfil Lincoln's claim that democracy is 'government of the people, by the people, for the people.' The man in the street has the right to vote but has no hand in the government of the country. It is true that during the last sixty years the induction into power of Labour Party has to some extent ameliorated the condition of the working classes. Education is free, medical aid is available to all, better wages have been provided, working hours have been reduced, child labour has been prohibited and old age pensions with unemployment allowances sanctioned for the workers; but as far as political power is concerned it rests in the hands of the lucky few who control the banks, the press and all sources of national wealth. The same pattern, with some minor variations necessitated by local conditions, prevails in other countries of Europe. In the United States of America the form of government is Presidential and Senate is the law making body; but conditions, in actual practice, are identical with those in Europe. The press, the other means of publicity, even foreign relation policies are controlled by a few people who are rich and make use of their wealth for moulding national policies.

With his vast scholastic background and keen insight Iqbal observed all this—the basic theories and principles of democracy and the actual practice and noticed with deep anguish how a system of government which in theory appeared not only perfect and ideal but quite in consonance with the precepts of the Quran and Islam was distorted and disfigured because the Western nations made it entirely materialistic. Though

the very concept of democracy was the outcome of recognition of the basic rights of man and a denial of the concept of one man or a particular group of men controlling the destinies of others; but renunciation of ethical and moral values by the West made the democratic government a clique ridden hegemony which lived and flourished on exploitation and class distinctions.

ہے وہی سازِ کہن مغرب کا جمہوری نظام
جس کے پردوں میں نہیں غیر از نوائے قیصری
دیوِ استبداد جمہوری قبا میں پائے کوب
تو سمجھتا ہے یہ آزادی کی ہے نیلم پری
اس سرابِ رنگ و بو کو گلستاں سمجھا ہے تو
آہ ! اے ناداں قفس کو آشیاں سمجھا ہے تو

Western democracy is just another version of ancient despotism,
Its folds produce no other music but that of autocracy,
The demon of exploitation garbed as democracy stamps its feet,
You are beguiled into believing that it is the nymph of your dreams,
This is no garden it is the mirage created by odour and colour,
Alas ! You simpleton you take the cage for your nest.[1]

Economists and political thinkers in Europe soon realised that democracy failed to solve the problems of the people and Marxism, Communism and Socialism were in fact an expression of resentment and revolt against the narrow and parochial democracy which had grabbed Europe and America. The leaders of the Red Revolution in Russia not only claimed

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 261, 262.

that this revolution was an international movement they also claimed that it would put an end to exploitation of one group by another group which democracy not only countenanced but also encouraged. Democracy had failed to free man from the domination of cliques and proved just a change of nomenclature—feudalism was replaced by capitalism and autocracy by the will of a non-existent majority. There was nothing wrong with the principles which formed the basis of democratic concept of government, its failure was rather due to its over-emphasis on materialism and failure to admit the vital part played by spiritual and moral values in life. The same mistakes were repeated by Communism and in a few years it converted itself into one party rule to the entire exclusion of all other parties. It refused to tolerate any difference of opinion and took on a fascist colour. Opponents were subjected to the worst form of tyranny and victimisation. Human rights were trampled under foot and in spite of the great progress made by them in the fields of science, production, medicine and transport Western nations presented a wilderness of warring nationalities. Iqbal felt that the entire Western world was blighted and the canker that was eating into its vitals was want of faith and due regard for those higher values of life which have their origin in faith and religion. He said about Marx:

صاحبِ سرمایہ از نسلِ خلیل
یعنی آں پیغمبرِ بے جبرئیل
ز آنکہ حق در باطلِ او مضمر است
قلبِ او مومن دماغش کافر است

غربیان گم کرده اند افلاک را
در شکم جوئند جانِ پاک را
رنگ و بو از تن نگیرد جانِ پاک
جز بہ تن کارِ ندارد اشتراک
دین آن پیغمبرِ ناحق شناس
بر مساواتِ شکم دارد اساس

The author of the book 'Capital' is choicest of the choice,
In fact he was a prophet but without angel 'Gabriel',
Since truth is secreted in his cant,
His heart is a believer and mind a pagan,
The Westerners have lost vision,
They try to find the blessed spirit in the belly,
Sacred life does not acquire colour and smell from the body,
Communism is concerned with nothing beyond body,
The creed of that prophet who failed to discern truth,
Is a creed founded on equality of belly alone.[1]

Iqbal admired and respected the basic tenets of Communism that land and wealth did not belong to any one individual and were meant for the welfare of humanity as a whole. These concepts had some remarkable resemblances with the economic and agrarian principles enunciated by Islam. The socialists appeared to be following the Islamic ideals of equality (مساوات) and fraternity (اخوت), but it soon became apparent that equality and fraternity were mere catchwords—slogans—to capture popular imagination and project Marxist and Leninist theories which were purely materialistic and in which there was no place for ethical or spiritual values. In a God-less society no good came out of this new social set up.

1. *Javed Nama*, p. 69.

تا نہ دانی نکتۂ اکلِ حلال   بر جماعت زیستن گردد وبال
آہ یورپ زیں مقام آگاہ نیست   چشمِ او ینظر بہ نور اللہ نیست
او نداند از حلال و از حرام   حکمتش خام است و کارش ناتمام
امتے بر امتے دیگر چرد   دانہ ایں می کارد آں حاصل برد

Unless you distinguish between the permitted and forbidden,
You will not succeed in the attempt for survival,
Alas, Europe failed to realise the significance of this,
His eyes remained blind to divine effulgence,
He does not know what is permitted and what is forbidden,
His reason is not mature and his acts remain incomplete,
One nation feeds on the other,
One man grows the corn the other grabs it.[1]

Physical needs are important in their own place and life can neither be happy nor blessed unless these needs are properly satisfied. The Holy Prophet said that if basic physical needs of man remained unfulfilled his attention is naturally directed towards frustration and unfaith. Baba Farid Ganj Shakar said that material needs are like a sixth pillar of faith and if this pillar falls the other five pillars are not safe. It is for this very reason that Islam discourages accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few. Zakat and rules of succession are helpful in distributing wealth and thus difference between the rich and poor is reduced. The Islamic agro-fiscal system can be said to be the most modern because in it steps are provided for an equitable distribution of national wealth so that the needs of all people are provided. The Muslims ignored these injunctions of the Quran and for this reason

1. *Pas-cheh-Bayed Kard*, pp. 37, 38.

fell on evil days—their lives became empty and they became slaves of Western powers. It was through the revival and resuscitation of the Islamic way of life—political, economic and social that the Muslims and non-Muslim people living in the various parts of the world can be salvaged from the morass in which they were stuck. The Islamic ideal of equality (مساوات) and fraternity (اخوت) would prevail. Islam is, however, a way of life, a particular outlook upon life. Mere legislation cannot bring it in—it is a change of hearts.

دلِ بیدار فاروقی ، دلِ بیدار کراری
مسِ آدم کے حق میں کیمیا ہے دل کی بیداری

The wide awake heart is Umar Farooq or Ali,
Vigilant heart has alchemic effects on man.[1]

خداوندا یہ تیرے سادہ دل بندے کدھر جائیں
کہ درویشی بھی عیاری ہے سلطانی بھی عیاری

O' God ! there is no place of refuge for simple people,
Renunciation is a fraud, and so is kingship.[2]

مجھے تہذیبِ حاضر نے عطا کی ہے وہ آزادی
کہ ظاہر میں تو آزادی ہے باطن میں گرفتاری

New ways of life have blessed poor me with such liberty,
Appearances show it freedom actually it is captivity.[3]

جلالِ پادشاہی ہو کہ جمہوری تماشا ہو
جدا ہو دیں سیاست سے تو رہ جاتی ہے چنگیزی

Grandeur of an autocrat and the magic show of democracy,
If Faith is divorced from politics the residue is tyranny.[4]

1. *Bal-e-Jabril*, p. 7.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*
4. *Ibid.*

Iqbal's prose writings and poems leave not a shred of doubt that he never subscribed whole-heartedly to the democratic ideal as propounded by the Western thinkers Rousseau or Voltaire. He admired the concepts and principles on which this theory was based because it involved a recognition of supremacy of human rights, equality of man, freedom of thought, speech and action and aimed at providing greatest good to the greatest number. Its actual practice presented quite a different picture—a tainted and repugnant social order. Social, political and economic implications of this democracy as they manifested themselves to the nations which subscribed to this form of government were worse than those which prevailed in the most hardened despotism. A despot may often be 'benevolent' but democracy ever remained exacting and failed to justify the hopes associated with its concept at the time of its inception.

Socialism and Communism evoked approval and some admiration from Iqbal because these systems claimed to provide equal opportunities—political, economic. 'Capital' made it obligatory on the government to see to it that all the people were able to get their basic needs. In actual practice the protagonists of this form of government totally disregarded the basic principles and degenerated into one party rule with total suppression of freedom, of thought, speech or action and even freedom of movement from one place to another. Bolshevism, instead of propagating its ideology began to aim at world domination through brute force—atom bombs and nuclear missiles and torpedoes. Iqbal watched with critical interests all

these movements in Europe and America and became disillusioned about these 'isms' which had failed only because of their total dedication to materialistic approach to life and their total rejection of ethical and moral values and utter disregard for faith and religion.

(Lenin says in the presence of God)

یورپ میں بہت روشنئِ علم و ہنر ہے
حق یہ ہے کہ بے چشمۂ حیواں ہے یہ ظلمات
رعنائی تعمیر میں ، رونق میں ، صنعا میں
گرجوں سے کہیں بڑھکے ہیں بنکوں کی عمارات
ظاہر میں تجارت حقیقت میں جوا ہے
سودا ایک کا لاکھوں کے لیے مرگِ مفاجات
یہ علم ، یہ حکمت ، یہ تدبر ، یہ حکومت
پیتے ہیں لہو دیتے ہیں تعلیمِ مساوات

Europe is illumined with the light of knowledge and arts,
In reality darkness prevails for want of the spring of life,
In beauty of architecture pageantry, show and perfection,
Bank buildings are superior to Churches and Cathedrals,
Looks like trade and business in fact it is all a gamble,
One trade venture is annihilation of millions,
This knowledge and wisdom, statecraft and government,
They consume life blood and call it equality.[1]

"The nationalism of the present day as conceived by the West was synonymous with irreligiousness and atheism. Islam alone gave a true conception of nationalism which had trampled under feet all the distinctions of race and colour and given equality of status to all men". This was said by Iqbal in his pre-

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 20.

sidential address to the general meeting of Muslims of Lahore on 2-5-31 at Mochi Gate garden. (English version reproduced by Weekly *Light* of Lahore on 8-5-31).

About the ideal government and the perfect ruler he said : "Nor had the Prophet of Islam any treasury with which to attract people to his fold. He was but a poor man who had at times gone even without food for days together. Even as a ruler of Arabia he slept on a stiff matting till the palm leaves imprinted their stripes on his back. From a persecuted and exiled man, he rose to the king of the peninsula and yet he knew no such things as a jail or police. This indeed was the ruler who can rightly be called to have ruled by a right super-human, for the obvious reason that he employed not one method used by the commonalty of kings to maintain this authority, no standing army to protect his kingdom, no bodyguard, no treasury, no police, no jail, nothing of the sort." (Essay by Iqbal published in Weekly *Light* on 30-8-28).

"Rather than make any attempt to hypnotise people into superstitious adoration of himself, the Prophet did everything in his power to dispel any possible doubts on that point. . . . . . He purposely made it a part and parcel of the Kalma that 'Muhammad is an Apostle of God' as a safeguard for all times to come, lest in their enthusiasm, his followers in times to come might raise him to the Divine pedestal as did the Christians in the case of Jesus. . . . ." (Weekly *Light* of 30-8-28).

"The Prophet mixed as freely with the people as any one of them. There was nothing about his person

to give him an air of superiority so much so that when a stranger would call at an assembly of Muslims at the Mosque he had to ask, 'which of you is Muhammad' so thoroughly he had merged himself into his people. . . . . (Weekly *Light* of 30-3-28).

"Such was this mighty monarch the world has ever seen—the monarch who ruled not only the bodies, but the hearts of his people, the monarch without an army, without a palace, without a treasury, without any of numerous instruments with which earthly monarchs keep their people in due subjection. . . ." (Weekly *Light* of 30-8-28).

This can be said to be the ideal of a beneficent government. It was a government for the people, for their good and with their whole-hearted consent and cooperation. The government provided the material needs of all the people and all were equal in the eyes of the law. It was a wonderful example of freedom. Islamic equality and brotherhood presented a sharp contrast to the barbaric conditions which prevailed all over Europe. Society in Europe was feudal and church ridden. The rich land-lords with the complicity of avaricious church dignitaries imposed upon the common man the worst type of exploitation and tyranny. The Islamic way was just the reverse. The economic order envisaged by the Quran does not permit division of Millat into 'haves' and 'have nots' and there is no stratification. Islamic fiscal order redresses injustices and in-equalities and obliterates the invidious distinction of rich and poor. Formation, of such a social order is implicit in Iqbal's thought. Democratic and Socialist ideas had to be evaluated

and recast in the light of the Quran and Sunnah and adapted to the needs of the people who are believers and have faith in God and the Prophet.

تا شعارِ مصطفیٰ از دست رفت   قوم را رمزِ بقا از دست رفت

Since you discarded the ways of the Chosen Prophet,
The nation lost the secret of survival.[1]

The decadence that overtook the Muslim world was due to the fact that the economic, social and political order instituted by the Prophet and Khulfa-e-Rashidin was abrogated by the rulers who came later on. The maintenance of any social order is to a very large extent dependent on how far that society succeeds in maintaining a true historical perspective. The present of individuals as well as societies is a reflection of their past and the fusion of past and present provides the guiding principles for the future. If this historical continuity and perpetuation are broken societies lose their identity and the ideals which any particular society embodied are destroyed. Islam is not a religion that comprises some dogmatic rules, a few rituals and ceremonies, it is a way of life and has its own ideological pattern—political, economic, social and cultural. Staunch faith in the Unity of God—Tauhid—is the basis of Islamic ideology. God is the ultimate source of all authority—material as well as spiritual. Acceptance of this concept is the source of equality (مساوات), brotherhood (اخوت) and liberty (آزادی). All are equal in the eyes of the Creator and there is no stratification. He is the real law giver. These laws are embodied in the Shariat which makes no invidi-

1. *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi*, p. 148.

ous distinctions between different classes of people. Since all power and authority is vested in God and all creation belongs to Him man's position becomes clear beyond doubt—we own nothing and are just custodians. Who hold wealth and property in trust and are allowed a free use of the fruits of our labour.

حق زمیں را جز متاعِ ما نہ گفت　　　ایں متاعِ بے بہا مفت است مفت

> God so ordained that land is in our trust,
> We hold in trust this free gift from God.[1]

(All are equal and the gifts of God are for all because for Him there is no classification.)

Liberty (آزادی), Equality (مساوات) and Brotherhood (اخوت) were concepts which revolutionised human life. These ideals were successfully practised in the Muslim world at a time when Europe was stuck in the morass of feudalism and tyranny of the orthodox church. These were unique ideas and the new political, economic, social and cultural ideas propagated by Islam had far reaching effects on the history of mankind. The practical application of these ideas brought into being a welfare state the like of which had never been seen before. In this state there was no exploitation, no want, no poverty and in which all were equal in the eyes of the law and there was no injustice.

چوں مقامِ عبدہٗ محکم شود　　　کاسۂ دریوزہ جامِ جم شود

> If man's proper status is confirmed and rights guaranteed,
> The beggar's bowl changes into the world revealing cup of

1. *Javed-Nama*, p. 80.

Jamshed.[1]

ما ز نعمتہائے او اخـوان شـدیم یک زبان و یک دل و یک جان شدیم

It is through blessings conferred by Him that we are knit in brotherhood,
Our hearts beat in unison, our lives combine and we speak the same language.[2]

بود انساں در جہاں انساں پرست ناکس و نابود مند و زیر دست

Man worsihpped man in this world,
Without any status or position he was a slave.[3]

سطوتِ کسریٰ و قیصـر رہزنش بندہا در دست و پا و در گردنش

The might of kings and emperors plundered him,
He was fettered and handcuffed and a halter put round his neck.[4]

تا امینے حق بہ حق داراں سپرد بندگان را مسندِ خاقاں سپرد

The Apostle came and restored the rights of people,
Raised the slaves to the throne of emperors.[5]

نقشِ نو بر صفحۂ ہستی کشید اُمتے گیتی کشائے آفریـد

He gave to life a new order,
His followers liberated the world,[6]

This emphasis on the observance of human rights, equal status for all, freedom and brotherhood were the foundational precepts of the Islamic social order which distinguished it from all other forms of government practised during different stages of human development and growth of civilisation. Mighty empires came into being in the Christian world, huge armies

1. *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi*, p. 105.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 107.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 119.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*, p. 120.

were trained and maintained, great material progress was achieved but no attention was ever paid to the sanctity of man as man. Man remained a plaything in the hands of his better placed fellow men. Cliques that came into power subjected their opponents to the worst type of exploitation and degradation. The distinction between the lord and the serf, the citizen and the plebian was maintained by the community as well as the government. This emphasis on socio-economic equality and security, concept of brotherhood of man and equality in eyes of God as well as society, were doctrines which enamoured Iqbal and in his writings he has made repeated references to these superior attributes of Islamic way of life. In the *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi* there are versified versions of two incidents. These poems not only bring out the narrative powers of Iqbal; they are an eloquent expression of the poet's faith in Islamic ideology and how these concepts can easily be implemented in actual life.

The anecdote of Bu Ubaida and Jaban :

شد اسیرے مسلمے اندر نبرد قائدے از قائدانِ یزد جرد
گبر باراں دیده و عیار بود حیله جو و پرفن و مکار بود
از مقامِ خود خبردارش نه کرد هم ز نامِ خود خبردارش نکرد
گفت میخواهم که جاں بخشی مرا چوں مسلمانان اماں بخشی مرا
کرد مسلم تیغ اندر نیام گفت خونت ریختن برمن حرام
آشکارا شد که جاباں است او میرِ سربازانِ ایران است او
قتل او از میرِ عسکر خواستند از فریبِ او سخن آراستند
بوعبید آں سیدِ فوجِ حجاز دروغا عزمش زلشکر بے نیاز
گفت اے یاراں مسلمانیم ما تارِ چنگیم و یک آهنگ ایم ما

هر یکے از ما امینِ ملت است　　صلح و کنیش صلح و کین ملت است
ملت ار گردد اساسِ جانِ فرد　　عہدِ ملت میشود پیمانِ فرد

The commander-in-chief of the Persian army was made prisoner of war by a Muslim soldier,
The infidel was a seasoned soldier, he was very cunning, full of subterfuges and deception,
He did not tell his captors about his position or rank, neither told them his name,
He said to his captors "Spare my life and in accordance with Islamic tradition give me protection"
The Muslim soldier sheathed his sword and said "Killing you is, now, forbidden for me."
Later it became known that captive was Jaban—the supreme commander of Persian army,
The soldiers of the Muslim army demanded execution of the captive and told about his fraud,
Ubaid, the commander of the Muslim army who in battle was firm like a rock and cared not for the number of troops,
Said to his army, "Friends ! We are strings of the same guitar and produce identical sounds,"
"Each one of us is custodian of the interest of Millat and his war and peace are Millat's war and peace."
"If Millat becomes the basis of individual's life, then Millat's promise is the individual's promise."[1]

The incident narrated above establishes the fact that in a welfare state the identification between the individual and Millat should be complete and this comprehensive identity of interests is possible only in a state which is based on the concept of Tauhid.

The other incident relates to a certain king--Murad and it illustrates that in the Islamic socio-political set up (1) Judiciary is free (2) All individuals

1. *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi*, pp. 121, 122.

are equal in the eyes of the law (3) The ruler is accountable before a court of law for his acts of commission or omission. This supremacy of law—Shariat—is essential for the formation and continuance of a welfare state.

بود معمارے ز اقلیم خجند   در فنِ تعمیر نام او بلند
ساخت آں صنعت گرِ فرہاد زاد   مسجدے از حکمِ سلطان مراد
خوش نیامد شاہ را تعمیرِ او   خشمگیں گردید از تعمیرِ او
آتشِ سوزندہ ارچشمش چکید   دست آں بیچارہ را از خنجر برید
جوئے خوں از ساعد معمار رفت   پیشِ قاضی ناتواں و زار رفت
گفت اے پیغامِ حق گفتارِ تو   حفظِ آئینِ محمد کارِ تو
قاضیِ عادل بدنداں خستہ لب   کرد شہ را در حضورِ خود طلب
رنگِ شہ از ہیبتِ قرآں پرید   پیشِ قاضی چوں خطا کاراں رسید
یک طرف فریادیِ دعویٰ گرے   یک طرف شاہنشہ گردوں فرے
گفت قاضی فی القصاص آمد حیوۃ   زندگی گیرد بہ ایں قانونِ ثبات
عبد مسلم کمتر از احرار نیست   خونِ شہ رنگیں تر از معمار نیست
چوں مراد ایں آیہ محکم شنید   دست خویش از آستیں بیروں کشید

There lived in Khajand a mason who was famous for his knowledge of the art of masonry.

That artist of the race of Farhad built a mosque under the orders of King Murad.

The building of that mosque did not please the King and he became angry at the blunder of the mason.

Fire of anger blazed out of his eyes and he cut away the hand of the poor fellow with the dagger.

Stream of blood flowed from the wrist of the mason and he went before the Qazi weak and distressed.

He said to the Qazi "You have to deliver the message of God and you are custodian of the Code of law of Muhammad."

The honest Qazi bit his lips at this uncommon incident but
he summoned the king to appear before him.
The king's face went pale with fear of commandments of
the Quran and he appeared before the Qazi as an accused.
With fear and shame he looked down at his feet all the time
and his cheeks kept away the rosy hue.
On one side was the complainant and the mighty king
stood as respondent in the dock.
The Qazi said "Shariat ordained 'limb for limb' and the
entire edifice of society is based on this concept."
"An ordinary Muslim is not inferior to the big and the
blood of the king is not redder than that of mason."
When Murad heard this august commandment he put his
hand out of the sleeve.[1]

پیش قرآں بندہ و مولا یکے است   بوریا و مسند و دیبا یکے است

According to Quranic laws the master and slave have same
status,
The jute carpet and silk covered chair are alike.[2]

گر بقدر یک نفس غافل شدی   دور صد فرسنگ از منزل شدی

If for one short moment you disregard Shariat,
You fall a hundred miles away from your goal.

1. *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi*, pp. 123, 124.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 125.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 161.

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Index

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